

Boston Welcomes America's Teachers

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



BOSTON - JULY - TEN CENTS



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MRS. WALTER FARWELL  
(See AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON)



MRS. MARLIN EDGAR OLMSTEAD  
(See AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON)



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**M**R. GROVER CLEVELAND, introduced as "the world's foremost private citizen" at the World's Fair dedicatory exercises at St. Louis, was certainly an interesting character, not only as an ex-president but as the president who set the wheels in motion for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Some of the good people of St. Louis brought out the old campaign portraits of Mr. Cleveland, dusted them off and placed them beside those of Governor Francis, Theodore Roosevelt and Thomas Jefferson.

Stolid and indifferent as ever, outwardly, there is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland keenly appreciated the kindly feeling expressed; and old newspaper men who have followed him in many a campaign—even his wedding trip—insisted that they saw him smile more graciously than ever before. He made full peace

with the newspaper men at the banquet, in one of his happiest efforts. As he stood up to read his address, he had a way of standing sidewise and rolling his eyes obliquely, that had some of the seriousness of sermonizing. His ponderous sentences came out with a slight nasal twang, but very resonant. The acoustics of the building did not permit his voice to carry beyond the reporters' benches, but he went right on regardless as to who might hear him: he was speaking to the American people, and his only gestures were when he now and then thrust his hand into his trousers pockets, which ruffled his closely buttoned Prince

Albert coat.

At the meeting of the Civic Federation in the chapel of the Administration building, Mr. Cleveland sat with Senator Hanna and seemed thoroughly enthused with the ideas expressed when he vigorously cheered



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT GREETING AN OLD FRIEND FROM THE REVIEWING STAND AT ST. LOUIS



THE JEWEL OF THE WORLD'S FAIR DEDICATION WEEK

This engraving gives an idea of the dazzling beauty of the Cascade Crescent—declared to be the most splendid fireworks display ever witnessed

*Photograph by Byrnes Photographic Co.*

the remarks of John Mitchell, the president of the American Federation of Miners. The dark, flashing eyes and compressed upper lip of Mr. Mitchell lend a significant emphasis to his utterance, which has a staccato earnestness that is impressive.

This gathering was altogether the most interesting of any that took place during the dedication days—because it was thoroughly national—American—and concerned one of the great questions of the times. True, there was more tinsel and show at the diplomatic reception; but that was all purely formal, whereas at this meeting there was an air of spontaneity and real sociability, representing every phase of American life.

ONE of the pleasant memories of the last session of congress that remains

with a number of the editorial fraternity is of a reception at the home of Senator Depew. The time set was 9 p. m., and the time to go home was not "limited" in this instance, so that the result was a pretty good time. The colored men at the door swept a peculiar Depew bow that was even more gracious than the Parisian bend. The senator and his charming wife received the guests.

The guests stood pretty well lined up on the polished floor after being presented. The orchestra kept up a medley of patriotic airs, ragtime, and grand opera to stimulate conversation. The editors had all arrived when the congressmen came, in chummy "blocks of five." A little later the stately senators appeared. Finally came members of the cabinet, and by that time the reception was on, full blast.

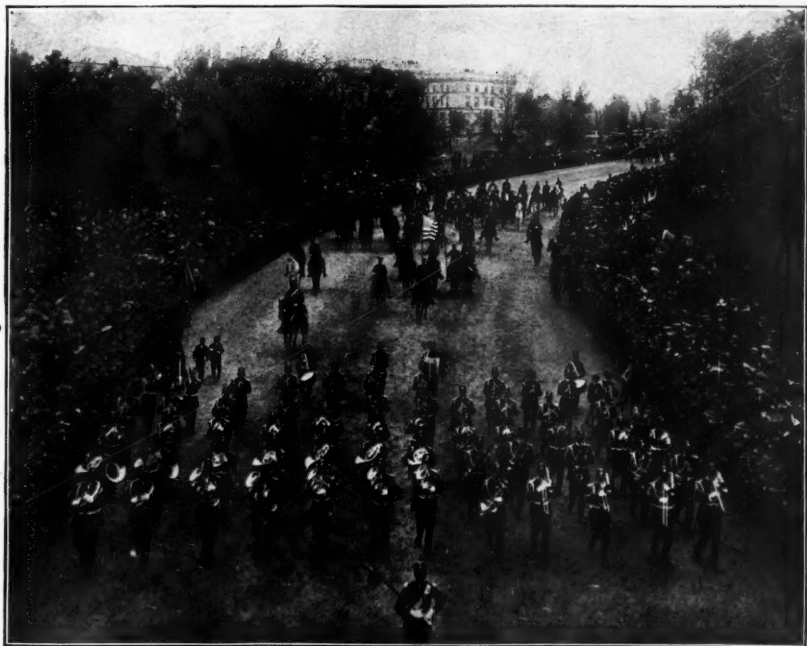
The great tables laden with viands were attacked in church social style. Each one engineered his own plate and glass; the cheery sound of laughter and the chatter of good fellowship increased in crescendo quite as marked. The formalities had passed, the house was "open in fact" to a real senatorial stag reception—Mrs. Depew had retired.

Entertaining is indeed an art, and if there is a true past master of that art it is Senator Depew. Cabinet members, senators and congressmen, editors of high and low degree, all were touching elbows and discussing men, affairs and events face to face, in a way that indicated perfect understanding. In the room of the house where Daniel Webster prepared his famous *Reply to Hayne*, senators were smilingly replying to an invitation to pass in for more.

The Depew house was the one pur-

chased by the late Senator Calvin Brice, and has probably been the scene of the most lavish entertainments ever known in Washington. Its arrangement is peculiarly adapted for the purpose, and the decorations are certainly in harmony with the most pretentious function.

There was a hearty, homely but sincere greeting to the senator as the guests departed. A few senators and close friends lingered over coffee and a last cigar, and I think that no social effort in Washington has ever been more thoroughly appreciated than the reception given by Senator Depew to the editors. It served to bring about a better understanding among men who are prone in public and business life to look at each other through the green goggles of suspicion. And suspicion can never thrive under the benign smile of the junior senator from New York.



MARINE BAND IN THE MILITARY PARADE AT ST. LOUIS

NO phase of life in Washington is more interesting than the activities of that wheel within a wheel,—the army and navy set. The households of Uncle Sam's fighters on land and sea form a little coterie in themselves; and, be it said to their credit, worldly wealth constitutes no passport to preferment in this charmed circle. The social functions of



MISS MARIE WESTON OF WASHINGTON



MISS KATHLEEN WESTON OF WASHINGTON

the military and naval colony possess the indefinable charm that is imparted by the presence of gold braid and martial music, and the participants possess almost universally that prime requisite of the most satisfactory sociability—the culture gained by wide travel. Prominent among the belles of the army and navy circle are the Misses Kathleen and Marie Weston, daughters of Brigadier General John F. Weston, commissary general of the army. The young ladies,

although possessed of the same general style of beauty, afford a distinct contrast in tastes and temperament. The Westons have a handsome home on New Hampshire avenue, which is each season the scene of extensive hospitalities.

ONE of the most interesting of the new figures in official life at the American capital is Archbishop Diomede Falconio, lately appointed apostolic delegate to the United States. Strangely enough, the new envoy from the Vatican to Uncle Sam's court, although he has spent little time in the United States for upward of two decades past, is an American citizen, having taken out naturalization papers while serving as a teacher of classics at St. Bonaventure's college at Allegheny, New York, and in 1872 cast his first vote for Horace Greeley for president.

Archbishop Falconio has been in high favor at the Vatican for a number of years past, but his prestige in ecclesiastical circles in the Eternal City was not attained until after the conclusion of what might be termed his former American career. Born in Italy in 1842, Falconio in 1860 joined the Franciscan Order of Friars Minor and five years later was sent to the United States as a teacher. He labored in this country and in Newfoundland for several years and in the early '70s returned to Rome, being impelled by a desire to see his aged parents. He had expected ere long to be back at his work in New York, but rapid advancement in the directory of the Franciscan Order awaited him and he attained in a comparatively short time to the position of procurator general. His signal success rendered him a notable figure in executive circles in the Roman Catholic church and finally the pope appointed him, in 1892, Archbishop of Acrenza, thus giving him jurisdiction over a see that was supposed to present grave administrative difficulties. However, the newly installed archbishop ap-



ARCHBISHOP DIOMEDE FALCONIO

plied to his charge the business principles and methods which he had learned in the United States, and ere long these difficulties vanished.

As a reward for his services in this capacity he was in August, 1899, appointed apostolic delegate to the Dominion of Canada. From that post he was promoted to the one at Washington a few months since. Archbishop Falconio is a man of deep learning and speaks French as well as Italian and English. The functions of the apostolic delegation at Washington are largely ecclesiastical, but the papal envoy is of course the personal representative of the pope to the American hierarchy. The post calls for the exercise of the highest grade of diplomatic ability.



HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON

WE present herewith a reproduction of the only portrait in existence showing the present appearance of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, famous as the most beautiful of all the mistresses of the White House and in whom public interest has been reawakened by her recent serious illness and the announcement that she will spend some time at various American resorts in an endeavor to regain her health. Mrs. Johnston has lived so quietly in Washington for many years past that when she last year emerged from her semi-retirement to attend the coronation at London there were many persons who were surprised to learn that there yet lived the most admired of all America's four-year queens. At the coronation, as on the occasion of each of Mrs. Johnston's visits to England, she

was made the recipient of every social attention, these being the reciprocal courtesies extended by the British royal family in acknowledgement of the charming manner in which she entertained the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, when he visited the White House during the administration of her uncle, President Buchanan, for whom she played the hostess. Mrs. Johnston resides with her niece, Miss Kennedy, in a quaint old house in Washington, filled with priceless souvenirs, including the en-

gravings sent by the Prince of Wales in acknowledgement of the hospitalities extended to him during his stay at the American capital. It may be noted in passing that Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Semple, the latter mistress of the White House during the Tyler administration, are the only women in Washington upon whom it is incumbent for Mrs. Roosevelt to call.

MRS. WALTER FARWELL, the Washington-Chicago society leader, who has just been designated by society's latest fad, *The Beauty Book*, as "the most beautiful woman in America," is a bride of a few months. By her marriage to Walter Farwell, millionaire son of ex-Senator Farwell of Chicago, she has strengthened her social position con-

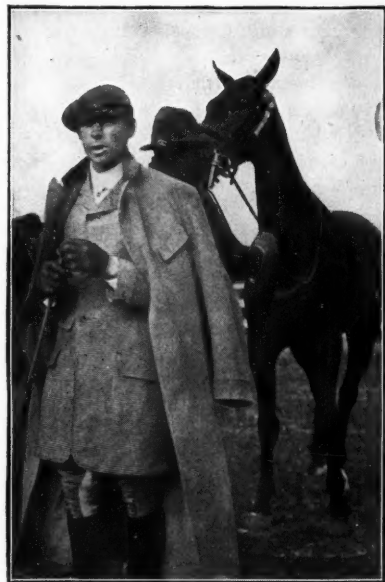


siderably, inasmuch as she by this alliance gains as sisters-in-law the two daughters of ex-Senator Farwell—Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the operatic composer and herself an authoress of note, and Mrs. Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, whose husband writes very clever novels despite his wealth.

Mrs. Farwell, who as Mildred Williams was one of the greatest belles the national capital has known in many years, may well lay claim to her beauty as a natural heritage, since her mother was by her first marriage Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of the famous politician and a woman



ELSIE DENEGRE AND HER BLACK SHETLAND PONY THAT TOOK THE BLUE RIBBON AT THE CHEVY CHASE HORSE SHOW, MAY 1-3



COURTLAND H. SMITH

Mr. Smith's horses captured many honors at the Chevy Chase horse show; he rode nearly all his hunters himself. He is M. F. H. of the Cameron Run Hunt Club and an ardent sportsman.

whose beauty was the toast of her day. After the death of Douglas his wife married General Williams, and the general, who was an army officer of considerable note, was so disgusted to find his own greatness eclipsed by that of his wife and so incensed to be constantly referred to as the husband of the former Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, that he removed with his family to a remote frontier post and did not return until time had dimmed the radiant beauty of his wife and he was himself an invalid. One of Mrs. Farwell's sisters is married to a naval officer, and she has always had the entrée of the exclusive army and navy set at Washington. She is a tall, slender, willowy girl with dark eyes and a marvelous complexion, and she has been known for years as one of the best gowned women at the capital.

IN a recent number we published a portrait of former Governor Ramsay of Minnesota, under the impression that he was the last surviving northern governor of the Civil war period. In this, it appears, we were mistaken. At least three other men who were state executives at that time are still in the land of the



J. T. LEWIS, WAR GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

living and take a lively interest in passing events. Mr. Harold M. Howe writes from Northfield, Vermont, saying:

"Vermont's war governor (1861) Frederick Holbrook of Brattleboro, Vermont, is still living and any facts wanted can be found in the *Vermont Magazine* of July, 1896. This magazine is published in St. Albans, Vermont."

Mr. Holbrook writes to the *National* from his home at Brattleboro, Vermont, saying: "On the 15th of February last I arrived at the ninetieth milestone of my life. What changes and improvements in the world and in mankind during the nine decades of my life! I have a pretty wide correspondence, far and near, people seeming to be attracted by my age and my being one of the last of the war governors still surviving. \* \* \* My physical health is good for one of my advanced age; and the slips of paper I send you in part indicate the condition of my 'upper story.'" These slips—cuttings from Vermont newspapers, — sage and kindly comment upon current events, penned by this veteran in the calm retirement of his library, are sound

and fine; not lacking, either, something of the spirit of youth grown wise without growing sad that characterizes the souls of those who grow old gracefully. Vermont is proud of her "grand old man," and well she may be.

From Fall River, Wisconsin, Mrs. Sarah D. Hobart, whose sonnets published in a recent number of this magazine have won much appreciative comment, writes, saying that James T. Lewis of Columbus, Wisconsin, war governor of that state, is still enjoying a comparative degree of health and takes a lively interest in all the political phases of the time. He was born in New York in 1819, and was one of the five northern

governors who in March, 1864, held a conference to devise means for aiding the government, and who, after consultation, proffered to President Lincoln 100,000 men, enlisted for 100 days, to serve on guard and outpost duty. In a private letter to Governor Lewis, President Lincoln said afterward: "If Grant hadn't had those men I don't know



MISS ALICE B. LANGHORNE ON BUCKSKIN

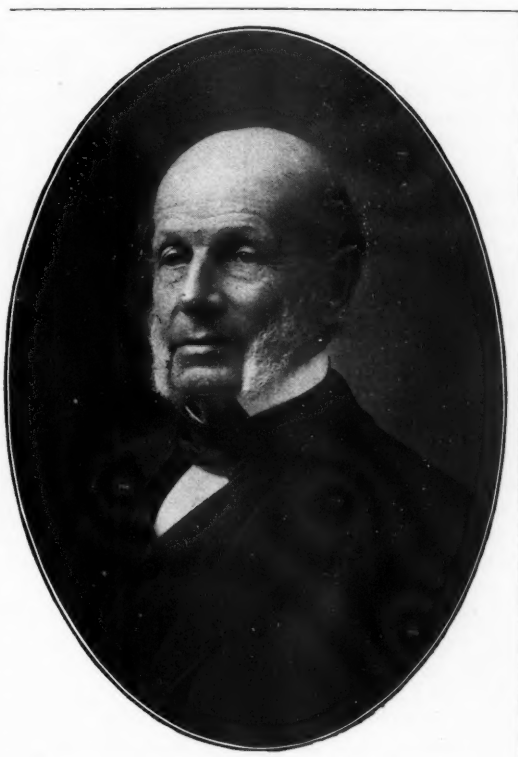
Miss Langhorne won the brush on New Year's and the mask at the Christmas day hunt against a field of thirty or more riders.

how he could have got through and taken Richmond." Through the efforts of Governor Lewis many of the Wisconsin soldiers in southern hospitals were transferred to hospitals in their own state, where they could be better cared for.

Governor Sprague of Rhode Island is the third survivor of whom we have been reminded.

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**A**N enumeration of the athletic diversions in which President Roosevelt is proficient would doubtless suggest that the youngest chief magistrate is an adept in the whole range of health-giving pastimes; yet there is an important one to which President Roosevelt has just turned his attention for the first time. It is fencing, and the president's enlistment in the ranks of the wielders of sabre and foil came about in rather an interesting manner. As is well known, President Roosevelt's greatest chum is General Leonard Wood, his companion in arms at the head of the Rough Riders; and when Wood took up his residence in Washington last winter, he lost no time in communicating to the president some of his enthusiasm for singlestick exercise, which is, of course, a form of fencing. Now the president was "green" at this sort of thing and the consequence was that he received several severe raps from the singlestick in the hands of his chum—thumps that left their mark on head and hands for some time afterward and forced the president to confess that he had met his match in one line at least. To be sure, General Wood did



FREDERICK HOLBROOK, WAR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT

not escape entirely unscathed, for the president's long arm and quick eye enabled him to work some havoc, even when he lacked skill; but the energetic chief executive was nevertheless far from satisfied with his performances and thus it has come about that he has engaged Senor Pavese, the world's greatest master-at-arms, to give him instruction in fencing.

Senor Pavese is an Italian, but has resided in this country for a number of years. In his native land he was instructor in fencing to the members of the Italian royal family and since coming to America he has won the diamond belt which constitutes the trophy of the world's championship in fencing and

has held it against all comers. On one occasion he defeated twelve good fencers, fencing continuously for four hours. Senor Pavese has ordered from Italy, at a cost of \$400, a pair of handsome gold-mounted foils which he will present to President Roosevelt.

When at the White House, President Roosevelt's muscle-building occupations are carried on in what was formerly the cabinet room, but which has now been transformed into a "department of physical culture." The great apartment, where a long line of presidents threshed out the perplexing problems of state, is now bare save for a varied assortment of sporting and athletic goods, including boxing gloves, singlesticks, fencing swords and foils, padded gloves and vests.

For all that the President has taken up fencing, and when in the Yellowstone grew enthusiastic over ski running, it must not be supposed that he has wavered in his allegiance to horseback riding. He also continues to emulate Gladstone in finding delight in felling forest monarchs. When the president last spring began to make regular pilgrimages to the woods about Washington for the purpose of swinging an ax, it was supposed by some that this was a new "fad," but in reality tree-chopping has been for years a regular daily diversion during the intervals Mr. Roosevelt has spent at his summer home at Oyster Bay. A tennis court has lately been constructed at the White House, but it is doubtful if the president himself will ever spend much time upon it, for he has been known to speak slightly of



SENIOR PAVESE, THE PRESIDENT'S FENCING MASTER

tennis as a game only once removed from croquet in possibilities for excitement.

ONE of the most beautiful women of the congressional set at Washington is Mrs. M. E. Olmsted, wife of the republican representative from the fourteenth district of Pennsylvania. Mr. Olmsted was obliged to come to Dixie for his bride, but her charming personality and marvelous grace of manner have endeared her to the people of her husband's district as well as made her a social leader at the national capital.

Mrs. Olmsted is a typical Southern beauty and is known as one of the best gowned women at the social capital of the nation. The portrait of Mrs. Olmsted published in this number of the National is from the new painting in oil by Henry Asheburnham Floyd, the distinguished English artist who came to this country a few years ago, after many years of study under the best masters in Paris and who first came into prominence on this side of the Atlantic through his remarkable portrait of Lady Pauncefote, widow of the late Lord Pauncefote, formerly British ambassador at Washington. One of Mr. Floyd's portraits which has attracted much attention is that of Provost Charles Custis Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania, which will be placed at the head of the main staircase in Houston Hall, the student club of the university. Senator Elkins of West Virginia also sat recently to the artist.

THERE are always the true and faithful boys who "stay on the farm,"

and do the work, while others are away on pleasure or ambition bent. Among the faithful guard in the United States senate, the men who appear to get their best pleasure out of hard work, is Senator Cockrell of Missouri. As faithful as an office man he goes through mountains of papers and documents during the seasons between sessions, filling the reservoirs of his information in regard to every phase of the nation's business. Men of this type are not often showy on the floor, but they are extremely valuable in dispatching public affairs.

By the way, Missouri has been fortunate, generally speaking, in her senators. One of the noblest that ever sat in the historic chamber, George Graham Vest, has just closed his career with the affectionate regard of his colleagues and the profound respect of the whole nation. As one senator said: "Even Vest's

enemies love him." He has been a hard but a fair fighter. He retires because he cannot any longer carry the burden of public service. For a long time he has been a helpless paralytic—helpless, that is, in a physical sense: his intellect has suffered no perceptible loss, and his last appearance on the floor, supported in the arms of his faithful attendant, proved him still in full possession of his powers as thinker and debater. It was George Graham Vest who forced the removal of the tariff on coal, at a time when the people were grateful for even a small degree of relief from the high prices they were paying. Missouri sends former Governor Stone to Washington to succeed Mr. Vest. Mr. Stone is a shrewd and strong democratic politician. In Missouri he has long been playfully hailed as "Gumshoe Bill," in recognition, presumably, of his skill in conduct-



THE PRESIDENT'S DEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE



EDWARD W. BOK OF PHILADELPHIA

Mr. Bok is the editor of the *Ladies Home Journal* and one of the most successful men of his time in the publishing field. If the women were all voters, Mr. Bok would be a strong presidential candidate, judging from the millions who read his magazine.

ing political "still hunts." Mr. Stone is one of the intimates of William J. Bryan, and has even been mentioned by the Bryan wing of the democracy as a promising presidential possibility.

AS I looked upon a theater audience in Washington, sprinkled with national celebrities, it seemed incredible that there was a time when the newspapers of Washington did not dare publish theatrical notices and advertisements because of the prejudice against theaters. The evolution began first with timidly worded advertisements, then grew into perfunctory announcements; but it was less than a century ago that papers dared to print

extended praise of a play in the face of public prejudice. This is a rather singular growth of public sentiment, when you find public prints now crowded with theatrical matters and the playhouses at the national capital thronged with senators, congressmen and members of the cabinet. It was not so long ago that Lincoln was severely criticized for attending a theater, and preachers intimated that the anger of the Almighty had fallen upon him for witnessing a play. Verily, the world is growing broader and more charitable. "The recreation of the American people is the only safety valve you have for your strenuous life," remarked a newly arrived foreign envoy, as he surveyed a Washington audience with his glass from a box between the acts.

THERE seems to be a widespread agitation not only in France but also through-

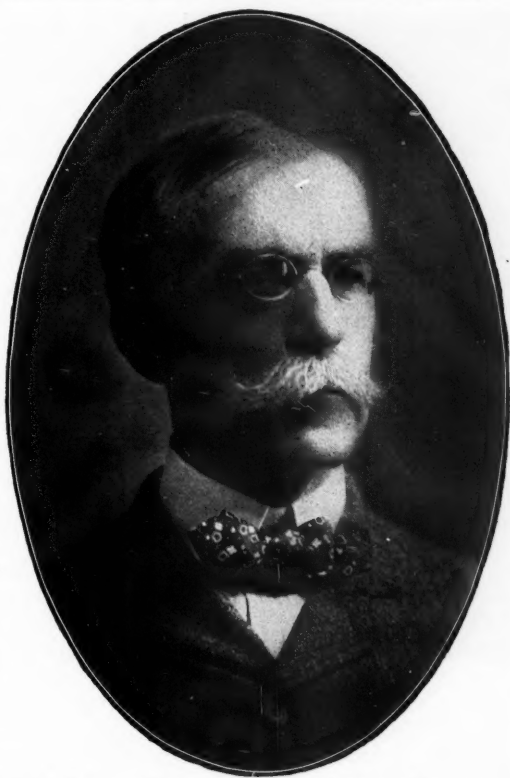
out English speaking countries, which has made intemperance in the use of alcohol and drugs one of the foremost sociological problems of this age. Prohibition has failed in Vermont, temperance studies in the schools have been found by scientists to be faulty, while at the same time there is everywhere an appalling increase in the use of both alcohol and drugs. It is interesting to the optimist to note, however, that contemporaneous with the twentieth century crusade and recent wise legislation, there is being developed a great institution that attacks this problem from a new standpoint and is offering medical relief for the disease of alcoholism and drug



addiction. The recent announcement regarding the proposed work of the Women's Auxiliary of the Oppenheimer Institute discloses the essentially charitable nature of the institute's work. Mrs. Dunlop-Hopkins, founder of the American School of Applied Design for Women, and Mrs. Isabella C. Davis, founder of the International Order of King's Daughters, are respectively president and secretary of the Auxiliary. They, with the other members of the board, including Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mrs. Donald MacLean, Mrs. J. E. Foster and Mrs. William G. Choate, will endeavor to raise a large charity fund for the treatment of the victims of this disease who are financially embarrassed.

Thus the ultimate purpose of the Institute may be attained—that is, never to turn away from this wonderful treatment any patient on account of poverty.

**W**E all dream of a time of ease and relaxation. When I visit a cosy library in a home, with handsome books; tinted paper on the spacious walls; tables daintily arrayed with pens and inkstand glistening in silver and gold; deep leather easy chairs, solid mahogany desks, rugs, bric-a-brac, relics and pictures inspiring and artistic, I think: "What a place to delve deep into thought and reel it out by the ream!" And yet, sitting in a hotel room trying to keep the shaky, spindle-legged desk, scarred by cigar stubs burning around



U. S. SENATOR HERNANDO DESOTO MONEY OF MISSISSIPPI

the edges, from sea motion; with the hotel stationery as copy paper; among strangers; no one sociable except the bell-boy waiting for a tip; looking out on a rear view of stables and dismantled drays; hearing the twitter of swallows outside—I am supremely happy. The old scratching pen permits me to talk to the readers of the National and send them the word of good cheer, that the world is growing better and better; that the "giants of olden days" are superseded by giants of today; that there are millions of good people in the world, and that I have never yet failed to find sterling, genuine men in every one of the 325 cities I have visited in my travels.

## TIMELY TOPICS OF THE STAGE



MARIE CAHILL

IF all the summer forecasts result as anticipated by the prophets, we are destined to a notable resurrection of Shakespearean drama during the coming season. Shakespeare is, and ever has been, very popular with the gentlemen who have one eye on the box office and the other on the finger which they may select to feel the public pulse; for be it remembered, the "divine William" collects no royalties. If the "dear public" would consent to it, every Tom, Dick and Harry of theatricalism would be exploiting Shakespearean tragedy or comedy, or the old English dramas whose authors, too, have long been where statements of receipts have no interest. But, unfortunately, it has been evident for some years that Shakespeare, *per se*, is unmarketable. The success of such productions as Richard Mansfield's *Julius Caesar* and E. H. Sothern's *Hamlet* proves merely that with elaborate staging and a popular actor even tragedy may not keep people away from the theater. Yet popular players have found Shakespearean ground untenable. Julia Marlowe, for instance, was compelled to desert the roles she liked best

and resort to a dramatized novel to keep her footing. Despite the fact that she is admittedly the best of the Shakespearean actresses of the decade, her admirers demanded novelty. Ada Rehan, long a great favorite at the head of the late Augustin Daly's company, was a financial failure as a star in Shakespearean comedy. That she will tempt fate again as Katherine, Portia and Lady Teazle is due to the belief of a pushing firm of managers that the association with her, as joint star, of Otis Skinner, will give the public taste the fillip it requires. If, as announced, Mrs. Fiske essays Lady Macbeth, Viola Allen deserts Hall Caine hysteria for *Twelfth Night*, Wilton Lackaye tries conclusions with Othello, and Nat C. Goodwin makes us laugh as Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the hope of success will be based chiefly upon the personal popularity of the several players and the natural curiosity of the public to see what they will make of their classic and nowadays unfamiliar roles.

SUCCESS on the stage is won by so many and such diverse methods that the aspirant for theatrical honors has a multitude of paths from which to choose. Unfortunately the one selected, although apparently tried and proved by successful predecessors, may turn out to be "no thoroughfare." Laura Biggar, for example, had excellent precedent for belief that her somewhat unsavory suit for a dead millionaire's fortune would make her a successful star; but despite the fact, unusual in such cases, that she is an actress of ability, her tour in *East*

*Lynne* ended in disaster. Can it be hoped from this that the day when notoriety was a valuable stage asset has passed? Marie Cahill and Blanche Ring, two actresses now pretty near the top rung of the success ladder, would probably be at a loss to explain their own good fortune. It was not so very long ago that Miss Cahill was as near despair as a woman of her sunny pluck is likely to get. Engagements were neither numerous nor fruitful. She was just as clever then as today, but the public had not recognized it. "They won't have me," she once said; "they seem to think I can only dance." One day someone dared to try her in a role in *The Runaway Girl* that had opportunity. She improved the opportunity and today is, perhaps, foremost among musical comedy stars. Two or three years ago Blanche Ring was a vaudeville singer, and not at a fancy salary, either. From the position of leading woman with Chauncey Olcott she drifted to singing three songs twice a day. Her success was pronounced with those who heard her, but still she did not have the name with the public that, to managers, is the synonym for greatness. Last summer came her opportunity. It was in *The Defender*, a musical concoction famous principally for being made successful by two songs introduced during rehearsals. One of these songs, a topical ditty with an easily whistled refrain, fell to Miss Ring's lot, and made her famous and a rising star in a musical comedy named *The Gibson Girl*. Clever, isn't it, this growing scheme of dramatizing pictures? The only ideals to be satisfied are visual, and grease paint works wonders.



BLANCHE RING

**I**F you are in search of remunerative employment and can predict with certainty success or failure in theatrical enterprises, your life work and a salary to make Steel Trust President Schwab envious are assured. You might, for instance, have satisfied Charles Frohman that *The Earl of Pawtucket* would be the roaring success that it has proved. Augustus Thomas wrote this comedy, which tells the story of a Britisher's futile efforts to pass for a Yankee, for Lawrence D'Orsay. This actor off the stage is the same as on it, and Mr. Thomas took him to his Long Island home, studied him several weeks and wrote his play to fit. *The Earl of Pawtucket* first went to Mr. Frohman and was rejected, even though Mr. Thomas named Mr. D'Orsay, then in Mr. Frohman's employ, for the Earl. Kirke LaShelle, on the contrary, saw possibilities in the play. "Who for the Earl?" he asked. "D'Orsay," said Thomas. "Can I get him?" queried LaShelle. "Ask Frohman. He's paying him a salary and has no part for



FRANK KEENAN

him," answered Thomas. So LaShelle went to Mr. Frohman, borrowed D'Orsay and also secured the Madison Square theater. In his own theater, with his own actor and with a play he had himself rejected, Mr. Frohman saw one of the greatest successes of the season, a success continued after the play had to be removed to another playhouse. This species of failing to say "come in" when Fortune knocks at the door is so common in the theatrical business that a warranted prophet could command his own terms.

IT would not take much of a prophet, however, to predict that Mrs. Mabel Baer, *nee* McKinley, will not create a furore as a singer in vaudeville simply because, as advertised, she is a niece of the late President McKinley. Yet it is said that the inducement for her to take to the stage was \$1,000 a week and expenses. If this be true and not merely a part of the advertising scheme, it may be that Mrs. Baer's manager is the original after whom the hero of *A Fool and His Money*, a recently successful play, was patterned.

NOVEL readers will find all their favorites on the stage in the fall if the present contagion spreads. Bertha Galland, a star who has hitherto failed to find the right vehicle, will exploit *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. Orrin Johnson is emboldened to star by *Hearts Courageous*. The tide has turned, and vaudeville performers are invading the "legitimate." Another book play, *Miss Petticoats*, will return Kathryn Osterman to the drama. Lillian Burkhardt, Eva Williams, Jac Tucker and Nat M. Wills are other vaudevillians who will tempt fate and one night stands at the head of companies. The "legitimate," however, continues to nourish vaudeville. A recent convert is Frank Keenan, whose offering is conspicuous because of the fact that it is fully up to his usual high standard. Unfortunately for vaudeville, it is the customary experience that when the legitimate actor "stoops to it" he does half-hearted, slack work. Not so Mr. Keenan, whose comedy *The Actor and The Count* is clever and is as carefully and intelligently played as if Mr. Keenan and his company gave the entire evening's entertainment.

STATISTICS mean little, but it is interesting to note that of ninetytwo new productions last season in New York sixtyfour were plays, twentyone musical pieces and seven burlesques. Seventeen were serious, fifteen romantic, thirteen melodramas, nine farces and four tragedies. Fortyeight were original, five adapted and eleven from novels. It seems gratifying that thirtysix were by Americans, while only twentyeight were by foreign authors; but, unfortunately,

the majority of the native output of plays were not seen at the leading theaters.

IT will be consoling to many National readers to learn that a wise Massachusetts justice has decided that a theater patron has a perfect right to hiss, call out, groan or otherwise express his approval of anything he may see upon the stage. We may not do any of these things, but it is comforting to know that if we chose to express the sentiments we often feel in the playhouse, we would be sustained by the strong arm of the law. For some day the worm may be ready to turn.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON continues to give lectures on the drama. Opposing the national theater project recently he said that "some actors are so touchy that they would play second to no one." Mr. Jefferson may be "the dean of the American stage," but he has certainly done very little toward its progress. When has he produced a new play? Did he ever encourage a playwright with a royalty? Has he ever had a first class company? In short, what has he done except make money by the constant playing of the three or four roles with which he became identified many years ago?



KATHRYN OSTERMAN

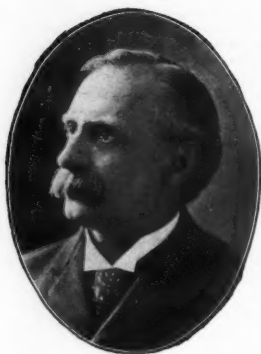
THE failure of *Du Barry* in Berlin proves that German playgoers do not visit the theater merely to see the scenery. Equally pleasant news comes from Italy that Tommaso Salvini is to return to the stage with his son Gustavus in his company. If the son approaches the father, the ensemble will be magnificent. London sends word that Charles Frohman has captured Harry Irving, Sir Henry's son, who is described as a fine actor, despite the fact that he is known as a "matinee idol." Sir Henry's *Dante*, by the way, has aroused so much varied criticism that there will be great interest to see it when he comes here in the Fall.

NOW that a globe-trotting Parisian literateur has been pleased to pile up adjectives in eulogy of American chorus girls, and to couple them with the Carnegie Steel Works as the two most noteworthy features of the nation, the gorgeous creatures who condescend,—for a consideration,—to let us feast our eyes upon their loveliness, will be more than ever conscious of their power, and the managers of musical shows (for, be it known, there are no more operas) will have to kowtow lower and lower. If we must have chorus girls who cannot sing, it is some compensation that they should be handsome; but, unfortunately, as a result no beautiful girl nowadays cares to become an actress. She can be a "show girl" with less work, for more money.

# Boston Welcomes America's Teachers

By DR. A. E. WINSHIP,

Editor, the Journal of Education



DR. A. E. WINSHIP,  
Editor, Journal of Education

THE convention appetite is on keenest edge. The most recent evidence thereof is the exposition activity for which the national government appropriates several millions, St. Louis a few millions and various countries and states several hundred thousand dollars each. The incidental features are found in each trade, occupation, profession and calling which conventionalize in every state and section. There are, for instance, a thousand educational conventions of one kind or another in the United States each year. What the St. Louis exposition is to the cattle shows and mechanics fairs, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League and National Educational Association are in their respective fields, and the noblest of these is the National Educational Association.

Heretofore it has been the least of the five in size, but the most important in its representative capacity. Its speaking is scholarly; its papers and addresses are always prepared for the occasion and are always published in a *Volume of Proceedings* of more than 1,000 pages of 600 words. Each of the eighteen distinctive educational interests of the country has its own section in the convention for practical work. There is a permanent expert secretary on a salary, whose entire time and energy are given to the promotion of the interests of this association. There is an accumulated fund of more than \$100,000, which is increasing at a rapid rate. The association is responsible for the organization of the United States Bureau of Education, and for the expert study of several important educational problems.

This association, organized in Philadelphia in 1857, is to meet in Boston on July 6-10 with Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard as president, and all indications point to the largest and most eloquent, to the most useful and enjoyable session in the forty-six years. This prophecy rests upon



MECHANICS BUILDING, BOSTON, THE CONVENTION HALL

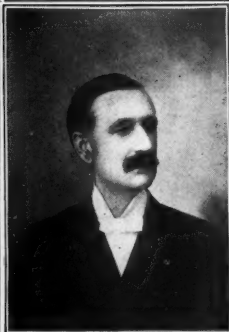
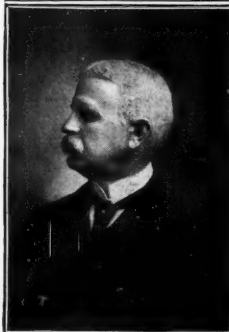
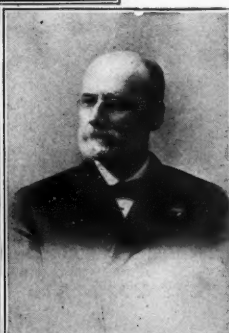
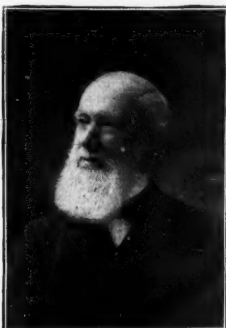


several distinct conditions. The association has met in New England but once, and that was in Boston thirtyone years ago. This is the second time in thirtyone years that it has met on the North Atlantic coast. There are more places of literary and historic interest of which teachers speak in their work here than in any other American city. President Eliot is the greatest personal official attraction the association has enjoyed. The program is to have the greatest drawing power, and Boston is to do for the association more than has been done by any other city, and more than she has done for any other convention. Hence the prophecy that it will be the largest and best meeting of this association and the best convention of any kind yet held in the United States.

The general sessions will be held in Mechanics building, which is by universal consent the best largest auditorium outside of New York City. There will be five general sessions, and they

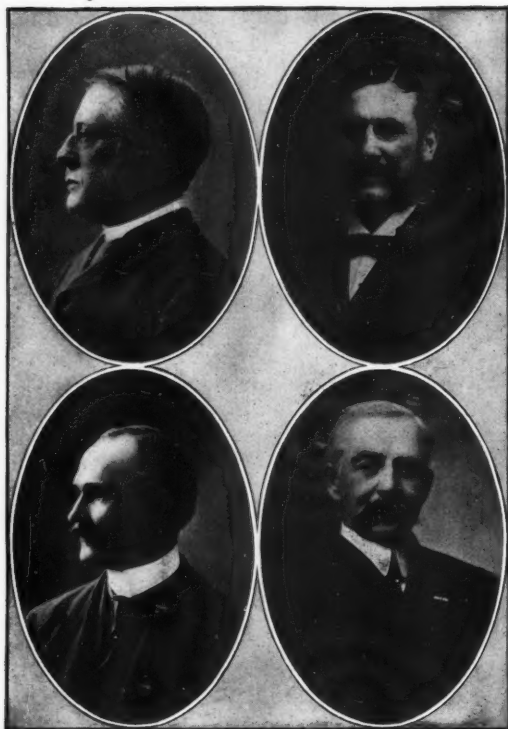
will be in the evening, with Dr. Eliot presiding. There will be ten department meetings each forenoon in the various halls and churches near Copley Square. The afternoons will be free for concerts, banquets, receptions and excursions, which will practically be without limit. The concerts will be under the direction of B. J. Lang, who is the pride of Boston; the excursions will be under the direction of experts; the banquets and receptions will be given by various local organizations. The

American Institute of Instruction, the oldest educational association in the world, will give a banquet to the officers of the National Educational Association, and of its eighteen departments and to the state directors. The newspaper men of Boston will give a banquet to the visiting editors. There is to be a convention club house in which the visitors will be welcome to the comforts and luxuries of a club home. Harvard university is to keep open house for the week, with



#### PIONEERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

DAVID N. CAMP of Connecticut, oldest living official member	WILLIAM T. HARRIS, U. S. Commissioner of Education
EDWARD BROOKS of Philadelphia, the only living charter member	AARON GOVE of Denver
A. P. MARBLE of New York	



## PRESENT OFFICERS

CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard, President	ALBERT G. LANE of Chicago, Vice President
W. M. DAVIDSON of Topeka, Kansas, Treasurer	IRWIN SHEPARD, of Winona, Minn., Secretary

guides free to all points of interest. Salem, Lexington, Concord and Plymouth, Tufts college and Wellesley, Boston college, Boston university, the Institute of Technology, the Twentieth Century and University clubs will also keep open house.

A new and beautiful map of Boston, with Copley Square as a center, has been prepared and will be furnished every attendant free; it will be sent in advance upon application. The official guide book and program will be by far the best ever made of Boston and vicinity. It will be written by Edwin M. Bacon, a guide book expert and historian

of Boston, will be profusely illustrated, exempt from all advertising matter and admirably bound. This will be presented to every member of the association. There is also to be a beautiful special guide book to points of literary interest in Boston and vicinity, prepared by a man of distinguished literary ability. This will be beautifully illustrated and bound, free from all advertising matter, and will be presented also to every member of the association.

In providing for all this, President Eliot has been the inspiration. This is the first time in fortysix years that the president has resided at the place of meeting. His local representatives of the association are George H. Martin, state director, and A. E. Winship, state manager; his local executive committee, which really directs all the activities, consists of Edward R. Warren, chairman; Prescott F. Hall, G. Loring Briggs, George W.

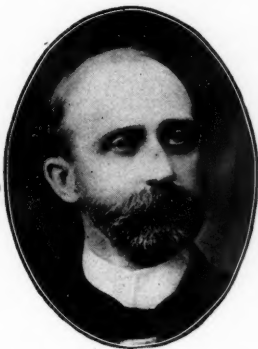
Coleman, Lincoln Owen, Edward A. Adler, and Charles Francis Adams, 2d, treasurer.

There is also a local advisory board appointed by President Eliot:

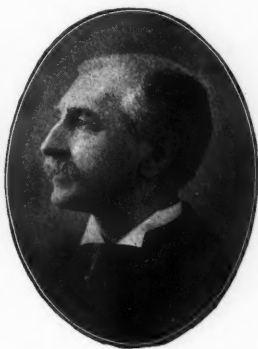
CHARLES W. ELIOT, Chairman, President Harvard University; EDWARD R. WARREN, Secretary; HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Massachusetts Historical Society; ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, American Academy of Arts and Sciences; GEORGE H. BARTON, Appalachian Mountain Club; HENRY W. CUNNINGHAM, N. E. Hist. Genealogical Society; W. B. DE LAS CASAS, Metropolitan Park Commission; ELMER H. CAFEN, Tufts College; GRAFTON D. CUSHING, Boston School Committee; OTTO FLEISCHNER, Massachusetts Library Club; CHARLES P. GARDNER, N. E. Conservatory of Music; O. B. HADWEN, Massachusetts Horticultural Society; MISS CAROLINE HAZARD, Wellesley College; PAUL H. HANUS, Massachusetts State Teachers Association; FRANK A. HILL, State



MRS. ELLA F. YOUNG of Chicago  
Council Program



JAMES M. GREEN of Trenton, N.J.  
Normal School Council



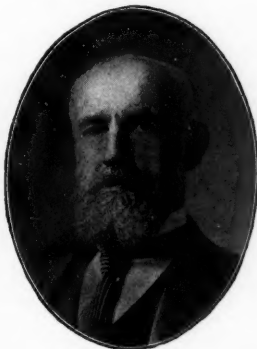
PRESIDENT TUCKER of Dartmouth  
Higher Education

Board of Education; RAY GREENE HULING, N. E. Association of College and Preparatory Schools; MISS AGNES IRWIN, Radcliffe College; CHARLES H. KEYES, American Institute of Instruction; GEORGE L. KITTRIDGE, Colonial Society of Massachusetts; HENRY LEFAVOUR, Simmons College; A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, Lowell Institute; WARREN H. MANNING, American Park and Outdoor Art Association; DR. C. S. MINOT, Natural History Society; LOUIS P. NASH, State Teachers' Association; HENRY S. PRITCHETT, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL, Essex Institute; REV. W. G. READ-MULLAN, Boston College; HON. STEPHEN SALISBURY, Antiquarian Society; EDWIN D. SEAVER, Superintendent of Schools; CHARLES E. STRATTON, Board of Park Commissioners; JOHN TETLOW, Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club; WILLIAM F. WARREN, Boston University; SAMUEL D. WARREN, Museum of Fine Arts; HORACE G. WADLIN, Boston Public Library; WM. N. YOUNG, Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association.

What of the association that justifies all this activity on the part of Boston? It was organized in Philadelphia in 1857. The first secretary was a Boston man, William E. Sheldon, who was one of the eminent leaders until his death in 1899. He was secretary in seven different years—the only man prior to the choice of the present permanent secretary, Irwin Shepard of Winona, Minnesota, to be repeatedly chosen secretary—and he was president of the first large meeting, which in 1887, in Chicago, had nearly 10,000 in attendance, three and one half times as many as had ever before been present.



DR. W. DEWITT HYDE, Bowdoin  
College, Council Program



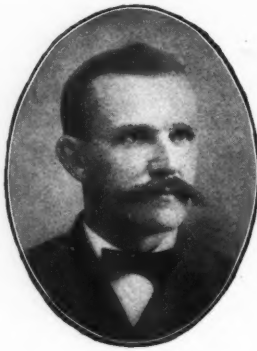
G. STANLEY HALL, Clark University,  
Secondary Education



W. R. HARPER, Chicago University  
National Council



BARONESS ROSE POSSE, Boston  
Physical Culture Council



EARL BARNES, Philadelphia  
Child Study Council



PAUL H. HANUS  
Kindergarten Department

The only man now living and active in educational work who was at that first meeting is Dr. Edward Brooks, now superintendent at Philadelphia; the earliest officer in the association who is living is David N. Camp of New Britain, Connecticut, who identified himself with the National Educational Association at its fourth meeting in Buffalo, and was secretary at Ogdensburg, New York, in 1864; the earliest president living is Dr. J. L. Pickard, now residing in Portland, Maine, but who has been state superintendent of Wisconsin, city superintendent of Chicago, and president of the Iowa state university. Among the early attendants who have been prominent in its counsels are Albert G. Lane of Chicago, who first attended in 1863; Dr. William A. Mowry of Hyde Park, 1864; Dr. Henry Houck of Pennsylvania, in 1865; Dr. Albert P. Marble, of New York, in 1869; Dr. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, 1870; Aaron Gove of Denver, N. C. Dougherty of Peoria, Frank A. Fitzpatrick of Boston, and Henry Sabin of Iowa, all of whom were first present in 1871.

Among the men of large influence early in the association were: Zalmon Richards of Washington, the first presi-

dent; Dr. Andrew J. Rickoff of Cleveland, the second president; J. W. Buckley of Brooklyn, the third, and Dr. John D. Philbrick of Boston, fourth president; Dr. Daniel B. Hagar of Salem, who was chosen president at Trenton in 1869, which was my first meeting. Dr. Albert P. Marble, now of New York, was elected secretary at that, his first, meeting; he has twice been secretary and twice treasurer, and was president of the Nashville meeting in 1889. Dr. E. E. White of Ohio was president of the Boston meeting in 1872, and John Hancock of Ohio was president of the second Philadelphia meeting in 1879. These have been men of commanding influence in the association.

There are seven men, living, who have largely guided the affairs of the National Educational Association in recent years, prior to the choice of Dr. Charles W. Eliot as president, but in him the association has a man who, while he advises widely, does his own thinking and arrives at his own conclusions. These men are:

DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, United States Commissioner of Education, who is, all in all, the greatest leader in thought, debate and in counsel the association has ever had.

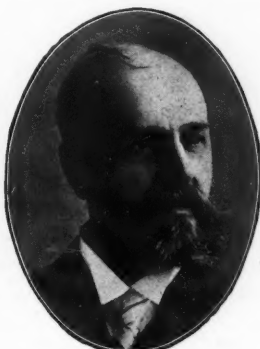
ALBERT G. LANE, assistant superintendent at Chicago, long time chairman of the trustees of the Permanent Fund of more than \$100,000, and president



MISS SARAH L. ARNOLD of Boston. Kindergarten Council



CHAS. R. SKINNER, State Supt. N.Y.  
General Program



S. W. COLE, Brookline, Mass.  
Music Council

in 1893-4, the only man to hold the position two years.

F. LOUIS SOLDON, superintendent at St. Louis, also one of the four elected members of the trustees of the Fund and president in 1885.

AARON GOVE of Denver, president in 1888.

FRANK A. FITZPATRICK of Boston, who missed being president by retiring from the superintendency in Omaha in 1890.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia College, one of the trustees and president in 1895.

N. C. DOUGHERTY of Peoria, Illinois, president in 1897 and one of the trustees of the Fund.

J. M. GREENWOOD of Kansas City, president in 1898.

IRWIN SHEPARD, who has been secretary for ten years and has virtually a life tenure.

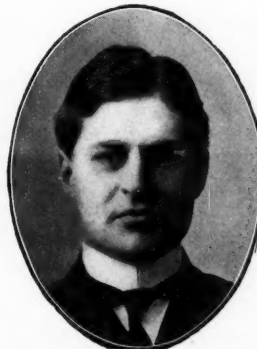
There have been four years in the fortysix in which there was no meeting. Of the fortytwo sessions, nine have been

held in New York state; three in Pennsylvania and Minnesota; two each in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, California and Tennessee and in the city of Washington; one each in New England, Maryland, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina and Canada.

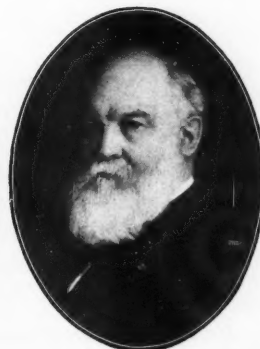
One president, Albert G. Lane of Chicago, has served two years. Of the fortyone presidents, New England has furnished nine; New York, Illinois and Ohio five each; the South, Pennsylvania and Missouri, three each; the city of



ADELAIDE HOLTON of Minneapolis  
Elementary Department



EDWARD R. WARREN, Chairman  
Local Executive Committee



MAJ. A. J. CHENEY of Milwaukee  
A Book Supply Veteran



DENMAN W. ROSS of Harvard  
Art Council



N. C. DOUGHERTY of Peoria, Ill.  
One of the Pioneers



JAMES H. CANFIELD of Columbia  
Library Committee

Washington and New Jersey two each; Maryland, Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa and Minnesota, one each.

The large meetings began in Chicago in 1887 with 9,115 in attendance. The largest meeting was at Los Angeles in '99, with 13,656. The other large meetings have been in Denver in '95, with 11,297; Washington, '98, 10,533; Minneapolis, 1902, 10,350; Detroit, 1901, 10,182; Buffalo, '96, 9,072, and Milwaukee, '97, 7,111. New England, that has had nine presidents and has entertained the

association but once, owes the teachers and other educators of the country a debt which she proposes to pay with large interest.

Never in the history of this or of any other land has education had such distinguished opportunities and honors as will be accorded by Boston, in which free public education was born, christened and cradled, and never has this city done more for education in all the country than it will do on July 6-10, when she will entertain 25,000 teachers.

#### FROM "THE SONG OF MYSELF"

*I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,  
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,  
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.*

*I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,  
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,  
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.*

*I chant the chant of dilation or pride,  
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough.*

*Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?  
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.*

WALT WHITMAN



# The Bird O' Paradise

By GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE

MACE TALLENT turned his head painfully and looked through the one small window. He had been most unkindly placed, so that the effort to do this made his bonds cut into the flesh; but when your mortal foe has bound you hand and foot and left you in a blocaded still, of a Fourth of July morning, while he goes down to "the settlemint" to show himself, so that when he later murders you, with all sorts of recondite tortures, there may be an alibi ready prepared: when all this is the case, the difficulty you may have in looking through a two-by-three-foot window, and even the galling of bonds which threaten to break through the skin, are mere details in your menu of suffering.

It was intolerably hot in the little shack, even up there among the balsams, in the deep glen which held the illicit still, for before Fain Bushares left he had fastened the window down tight. Mace thought of Hester Bushares, Fain's sister, whom he had expected to marry this month. The cabin was done, the preacher bespoke, and they were to have wed, as the mountain phrase goes, at the next quarterly, now near at hand. He believed in his soul that this was the cause of Fain's rancor against him. The reason given by his tormentor when he made those bonds secure was that he, Mace, was a spy and informer, planning to lead the revenuers to Sutton's still, in which he now lay bound, awaiting his death. He had been brought to the place by a message purporting to come from Hester—suddenly he wondered if Hester was in the plot. He had thought he heard her voice as he neared the shack that morning—or had she perhaps been decoyed there in the same manner by a false message from himself? (They

often met in this way, since the Bushares were opposed to the marriage).

Fain had said when he told Mace what fate awaited him, that he would have Hester there to see her sweetheart killed—he had made no statement as to whether or no she would come willingly to the spectacle.

Mace imagined that he could hear in the solemn silence the noise of the crowd far below him at the settlement, where the noisy Fourth of July celebration was going on. All at once he became aware that what he had taken for this sound was a swooping, scraping noise on the roof of the shack; and as he painfully strained his gaze toward the window a man's head appeared there, an arm reached down from above, fingers tapped upon the panes, and somebody called cheerfully, "Hullo! Air ye all dead in there?"

Mace smiled grimly to think how near this was the truth. Fain had not thought worth while to gag him, since, in that lonely place, and upon a Fourth of July, he might have yelled himself hoarse and none been the wiser. "Naw," he called, "not adzactly dead—jest snoozin'. Come in, stranger—how'd ye get on the roof?"

The new-comer finally made entrance through the window, by prying it open with his clasp knife and dropping in from the eaves. He was a lean, dapper fellow, with a shrewd, kindly face. He looked Mace over curiously. "Usually sleep that way?" he queried finally.

"Not gin'rally," Mace answered him, "hit's a new plan I ben tryin' lately—and I don't like it. Ease me up a leetle, will ye, and we'll talk it over." He was still associating this man with Fain Bushares, still full of suspicion that this

was a trick of Fain's to prolong his torture.

The new-comer skillfully unraveled the knots at Mace's wrists, and Mace, sitting up, had leisure to observe how strangely his visitor was dressed. His hair was of a smooth drab, plastered down in a scallop upon his forehead like that of the typical country beau; its sleek oiliness had in a measure resisted even the disarranging effect of his hanging head downward and scrambling through the window. His collar, high, smooth and very white, suggested a strip of celluloid (probably it was of that variety); his tie was flamboyant; his black coat, somewhat worn and frayed, was a Prince Albert, and he wore it with a buff Marseilles vest. The seemliness of this attire terminated abruptly in what Mace at first took to be a pair of long, slim, bare legs, and what he now saw to be somewhat soiled fleshings.

The two men stared at each other; the peril of Tallent's position well nigh faded from his mind in the wonder of this apparition. "Wall, I'll be jiggered!" he ejaculated finally. "Is that the way you usually dress for company?"

The raking, swooping sound now once more attacked the roof. "My name's Hubbard," the visitor replied rather at random. "That's the Bird o' Paradise you hear on the roof. Got a good, sharp ax handy? I want to straighten out her riggin'."

Mace gaped upon him with fallen jaw. A man who wore stockings as long as that, and had tied a bird of paradise to the roof, was so crazy a happening that Tallent began to believe his wits were going, and that he had invented the whole matter.

Suddenly the window darkened, and a big, creamy curtain seemed to descend outside of it. "Lord a mighty! Is the skies a-fallin'?" Mace roared.

Then, upon their ears burst most unmelodious howls, coming apparently from the roof above.

"Ez that your bird—a—your bird o' paradise?" Mace inquired.

Hubbard arose with great alacrity. "It's the preacher I brought with me. I forgot him. He's hitched in the ropes, and when the balloon careens it's likely to rake him over the shingles some. Get me that hatchet, will you? And would you please come and help me get him loose?" It was plain that whatever the oddity of Mace's predicament, it could extort but wavering attention from one whose own affairs were in such pressing disorder. A balloon. The matter began to unravel itself before Mace. To this mountain man there was nothing strange in having a prospective brother-in-law suddenly turn assassin; but the manner of this which began to present itself as deliverance, was indeed wildly absurd.

"Name's Hubbard, as I told you. Was making an ascent down there at Garyville. Balloon got away with me before I was ready—me and the preacher. We was to have brought up a couple with us and married 'em 'one thousand feet in air.'" He jerked out the sentences as the two men climbed to the roof.

The preacher, who was of the mountain variety, was not resigning himself to death without effort. He had his pocket knife out and was hacking valiantly at the ropes, whenever he could reach one. Hubbard sprang upon him almost savagely. "Hold on there, my dear sir," he remonstrated. "I'll cut the right ones."

"Any rope that's holdin' me is the right one to cut," the Reverend Zeb Pusey asserted with emphasis.

"Do you know Fain Bushares?" Mace inquired abruptly, as the two men worked at the ropes.

"Haven't the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance—but should be glad of the opportunity, if he's a friend o' yourn," returned the aeronaut blandly, as he struggled with the big, bulging captive and its netting of ropes.

"Say, look nere, is this thing a-goin' to rise up when we git her cut a-loose?" Mace inquired.

"Why, I think it will—I hope it will. My notion is to make the ascension from here, if the gear can be disentangled, and drop down in or near Garyville. That will satisfy the crowd, I hope, even if we haven't a couple to marry!"

A couple to marry! Ideas were coming fast to Mace; a plan so brilliant that it seemed too good to be true was instantly born in his brain.

"They's a couple here in this here shanty," he suggested, "that's mighty wishful to be wed, and likewise mighty wishful o' gettin' out o' these diggin's. Fain Bushares, the gent you said you hadn't met, is after the man, with a gun—the gal's Fain's sister. Fain, he's down to Garyville now. Ef so be you can take me and my gal down there—an' keep out o' rifle range—we'd be mighty proud to go."

Four people, and the balloon somewhat damaged. Hubbard looked doubtful.

"If I could get some smoke—or hot air—say, fifteen minutes filling up would make her sail like a bird."

"What's the matter with this?" Mace inquired, pointing to the great chimney of the still. I can make you a fire o' balsam chips in that there furnace downstairs, that'll send out all the smoke you'll want."

The Reverend Zeb was on his feet now. "I don't go up in no more balloons this Fourth o' July," he remarked, as he slid over the roof's edge. But his assertion proved to be an error. He was in a minority. Mace desired to be married; Hubbard was determined to give the crowd below at the settlement the spectacle for which their money had been paid; and he was out voted, out faced, over persuaded—fairly hustled into more adventure.

After Hester Bushares had been found, fastened in a lower room of the still-

house, the Bird of Paradise fed full of balsam smoke, the gear and rigging righted, four people settled themselves in the car, and the great, egg shaped, yellow monster, true to the bidding of her strangely attired master, rose majestically from the mountain top.

There was a light westerly breeze. Garyville nestles just to the east of Big Turkey Track mountain. Its tiny houses, like toy boxes; its race course, like a lamp mat, became visible almost immediately. There were moments of intense anxiety, when it seemed impossible that they should go near enough to be more than seen.

"Lord a' mighty!" groaned Mace in an agony of impatience. "Looks like this is the biggest fool contraption ever made by man. Ef a feller had a bit in its mouth, or a paddle to steer with, even—but to set up here, an' let the wind blow ye—"

"Easy, my friend," counselled Hubbard. 'Speak well o' the bridge that carries you safe over.' The Bird o' Paradise, she's a-goin' like a dove to the ark. I believe you'd rather be here than back in your recent quarters?"

Mace looked in Hester's eyes and agreed that he was an ungrateful dog.

Hubbard laid aside coat, vest, tie, and what proved to be a false shirt front, commonly called a dickey, and appeared glorious in tarnished spangles about neck and breast.

Hester gazed upon him with wide, awe filled eyes. It was the experience of a lifetime, something to tell to her children and grandchildren, to be so near a "showman." And the presence of Mace robbed it of all impropriety—that ever present bugbear of rustic femininity.

Mace had a happy inspiration. "Say, look hyer, let Mr. Pusey marry us right now—we hain't goin' to git to Garyville in this thing," he pleaded.

"Yes we are," Hubbard returned, staring intently down, his hand on the

valve rope. "By George! I wouldn't have believed it! We've struck a current that's going to carry us right smack over the fair-grounds."

It was true; the race track, crowd, booths and stalls, were almost directly below them, and lay in their line of advance. Hubbard began to descend.

The shouting of the crowd could now be heard, the crowd itself was visible, and disentangled itself into individuals, like ants running about an ant heap.

Hester clung in silence to her lover's arm. She was dressed in all the finery a mountain belle could command, for she had expected to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Garyville—indeed, she was going to it now, and to her own wedding as well. "You reckon Fain's down there?" she inquired finally, looking at the ant hill and the ants. It was very difficult to be afraid of a brother at such long range, and when your uninterrupted view was permitted to reduce him to such contemptible dimensions.

The balloon, however, was now so much lower that people began to look like people, though strangely foreshortened and distorted. Hester, Mace and Brother Pusey gazed fascinated, and no wonder; for, from this height, a man directly below presented himself as a hat moving along upon the ground, from which were thrust a pair of feet, and beside which two short arms wagged.

Hubbard undid a package of hand bills, and all four joined in throwing them out. The aeronaut, knowing nothing of mountain people and mountain ways, failed to appreciate the danger in which not only his passengers but his beloved balloon might be from Bushares' rifle. The Reverend Zeb, however, touched his sleeve, cautioning, "Better not git down too close. Fain Bushares is a good shot; but the way this here thing wobbles, he's mighty apt to miss Mace an' hit you or me."

"How far will a rifle ball carry?"

Hubbard inquired in some alarm.

"I sh'd think he mought hit a man at six or eight hundred yards; but this old balloon is a fa'r mark—looks like he mought hit *it*'s far's he c'd see it. That ol' Winchester o' his'n 'll kerry a plumb mile."

"I don't want the Bird o' Paradise shot into, of course," Hubbard said, "but a rifle ball wouldn't make hole enough to do us much damage. I'll keep three or four hundred feet above the crowd; but I ort to get where I can holler to 'em, and tell 'em that the marryin' is goin' on. I'll go down close first—won't do any harm till the man recognizes you folks—maybe he ain't there anyhow."

They could hear the popping of fire-crackers now, the band playing away for dear life, and the hoarse, delighted shouts of the people below them. As the last handbill went over the edge of the car, Hubbard took out the big tin horn of the spieler.

"The wedding is now taking place," he roared, "one thousand feet in a-a-air!" This latter was simply a rhetorical flourish, but it pleased the crowd, which roared again.

"Join your right hands," Hubbard prompted irritably, turning from his horn. "Stand up before the preacher, and join your right hands."

Nothing loath, the young people did so. During the arrangement of the wedding scene, the balloon had descended perilously close to the settlement. Suddenly the bride—it is always the woman who has her wits about her at such times—saw a man run a little away from those about him, pick up a rifle and bring it to his shoulder. "It's Fain," she cried. "He's saw us and knows us. Oh, please, Mr. Balloon man, make it go up quick."

The frightened Hubbard heaved overboard most of his sand; and so close was he above the heads of the gaping crowd that the sand descended upon them in

a cloud. The balloon shot upward, leaving a choking, sputtering group below—and it was nearly 'a thousand feet in air' that Mace Tallent and Hester Bushares were married.

They could see other atomies run to Fain and disarm him; before they got too far away, they could even hear the laughter with which this unexpected turn was received.

Hubbard radiated satisfaction. "I'll bet that's the most successful ascent I ever made," he remarked. "I never seen a crowd so tickled."

"You could drap us wherever you choose now," the happy bridegroom suggested. "The boys has got a-hold of Fain, an' we're all right."

"I reckon," mused the Reverend Pusey, whose good humor was quite restored, "that these young friends o' yourn will be wantin' you to change the name o' your balloon from the Bird o' Paradise to the Gyardeen Angel."

And four people, 'one thousand feet

in air,' laughed together as they settled gracefully toward Polk's Station, and the railway which was to carry Mace and Hester Tallent to safety, and indirectly to the little waiting cabin on the mountain-side.

"Honey," whispered Mace, as he surreptitiously possessed himself of Hester's hand, "we had the biggest crowd to our weddin' ever saw at ary weddin' in all the Little Turkey Track neighborhood."

Hester smiled, and seeing preacher and aeronaut absorbed in some matter they were discussing, shyly nestled her cheek against her husband's arm. The contrast between the state of things at this moment and that prevailing at ten o'clock that morning was a pleasing one.

"And when chariots descend out o' heaven—bringin' preacher and all—to tote us up to be wed in the middle o' the sky," concluded Mace, "looks like we must be purty consid'able somepin o' folks."

### AN IDLE MAID

*They say I am an idle lass,  
They frown upon me as they pass;  
My gown becomes me and 'tis new,—  
The butterflies are idle too!  
The world has need of butterflies  
Else why flit they in sparkling guise?  
They bask in sunshine by the hour,  
And I rock in my lilac bower.  
With work and study far away,  
What care I for the words they say!  
I will not teach, I will not sew,  
Or tend the lettuce down the row.  
But dance, and sing and pretty be,*

*And wait the Prince that comes for me.  
Some day I'll hear the Prince's tread,  
He'll stop beside my sweet rose bed,  
He'll praise my cheeks, and praise my hair,  
And tell to me that I am fair.  
And then in state with him I'll go  
To where the crystal fountains flow,  
I'll dress in silks and linens fine,  
With maids to bring for us the wine.  
But be he poor, with love for me  
That shining in his eyes I see,  
Then will I keep his cottage trim,  
And sew the seams, and bake for him.*



# The American Invasion of Canada

A Great and Natural Movement of Population that is Prac-

"GRANT, O Lord," prayed a western minister recently, "that Canada may come of her own accord into the great sisterhood of states; that no harsh measures be needed in working out the destiny of this republic." In this man's mind his prayer was also a prophecy. His was the pulpit version of a theme of politics that is looming big and grave beyond the Mississippi.

"Yankee thought, Yankee spirit, Yankee ways will one day dominate the great country across our border on the north. The time is not far away, and when it comes, the American republic will reach from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic regions."

This is what thinking men of the West are saying. The logic of current events leads strongly to that conclusion. Pioneer experience, human nature, national necessity, the physical characteristics of the continent—all these may be invoked as arguments. If it be a dream, its realization is in process this very day.

American farmers are migrating by tens of thousands across the border into Canada. The average citizen of this nation has not come to understand the magnitude or meaning of this movement of population. From the states 40,000 farmers flocked to northwest Canada in 1902. Judging from this season's rush, there is reason to believe 100,000 will go in 1903. Iowa alone sent 15,000 last year. The border states contributed liberally. Thirty-five per cent of all the immigrants into Canada were from this country. During the year ending June 30, 1902, Americans homesteaded 825,000 acres of agricultural lands in "the granary of the British Empire." Congressman Walter I. Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is one of the men who has read the larger meaning into this Canadian influx. He writes:

"I am of the opinion that the annexation of Canada is of vital importance, not only to the prosperity but to the safety of this country. For more than a generation and ever since the birth of our present complicated problems arising out of the very great concentration of wealth, the poor have at least been accorded the privilege of going to the frontier and there establishing homes for themselves substantially without expense. In my judgment this opportunity has been the greatest of all used for the suppression of social discontent. Had the millions who have in the past generation built homes in the prairie states been obliged to remain upon the high-priced and poor lands of the East, or compelled to crowd into the great cities, the struggle of life for the poor would long ere this have become so hard and bitter that it would have threatened social disorder.

"Unfortunately the public lands are now substantially exhausted and this outlet no longer exists. It was with this thought in mind that I personally supported the irrigation bill at the last session of congress; but that can only delay the evil for a comparatively short time, because the quantity of land that can be irrigated is such that the measure could not reach the demand. On the other hand, British America is substantially unsettled, having about the same area as the United States and only about one-twelfth the population. The annexation of Canada would mean safety for us and untold prosperity and development for it. I feel that no opportunity should be overlooked for the annexation of that region; and when I say Canada, I mean all British America."

It was the Canadian Government itself that gave the first and greatest impetus to the American invasion. It devised and put into operation the most daring and extensive system of advertising for settlers ever undertaken by any government. It is using seven thousand American publications today to proclaim to the world the material wealth and resources of Northwest Canada. In many of the large cities of the Western states it has established and still maintains immigration agencies in charge of men who know how to paint in radiant colors the advantages offered by its limitless prairies. In its propaganda "the granary of the world" was the happy phrase that acted like magic on the wheat raisers of the states, luring them from their own to a foreign country.

The government of Canada is today frightened by its own success at colonization. It is not trying to turn back the American tide, but it is making superhuman efforts to outnumber Yankee immigrants with those whose fealty is to the British flag. Its lack of success in this is quite as perplexing as its over-success in the other. Expert emissaries are preaching the wonders of Canada in England, Ireland, Scotland and other British possessions, and yet in 1902 only twenty-five per cent of the immigrants were subjects of King Edward. The census of 1901, too, tells a startling tale. It showed that there were 85,000 fewer British-born persons in Canada than there were ten years before.

Men who survey this border-crossing movement in its larger aspects believe it has an impetus that never will be checked. As suggested by Congressman Smith, the westward tide in America has struck the wall of necessity and has been deflected to the north. Herein lies the national motive for the invasion of Canada; but there is an individual motive which promises to send two Yankees to one from all other countries."

Americans above all others have the restless, roving spirit that impels them to leave the old and seek the new home. Along with this spirit they take the genius of adaptability to new environment. But the American is more than migratory. He seeks out the place where a living will come to him with the least resistance. That is the great reason why he is attracted to Canada just now. Farmers of Montana, the Dakotas and other Western states are selling their farms at a good premium over the purchase price (or homesteading outlay) and are buying or patenting the cheaper but not less productive lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Assiniboia.



By John Howard Todd

### tically Certain to Result in the Annexation of the Dominion

For these farmers the change is not a radical one. The climate, the soil, the farming methods are much the same. The husbandman of the states becomes the husbandman of the provinces with no more trouble than it takes to move his base of operations. There is a twinge of sentiment because he goes to an alien flag, but if he buys his land he need not forswear allegiance to Uncle Sam or pledge his loyalty to Britain's crown. Indeed a goodly number (more than the Dominion government is willing to admit) retain their American fealty. The number of these is likely to be largely increased as family ties draw thousands of other Yankees to the new homes of the relatives who have crossed the border before. A writer of British sympathies sounded this warning to his country in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*:

"From a purely economic point of view the American settler is the more desirable, but British people cannot fail to ask what influence this influx of foreigners will have on the future relations of Canada toward the mother country. The new-comers from America and Europe may make good enough Canadians, but will they become loyal subjects of the British Empire? The two terms are not synonymous."

This writer, too, has read the signs of the times; but did he grasp their full meaning? Looking through British glasses he saw the possibility of the separatist movement ultimately divorcing Canada from the Empire, but did he apprehend the silent but mighty influences that tend to run the lines of sentiment north and south instead of east and west? Did he see the leaven of fate at work in the western provinces—in that great grain and grazing country where 260,000,000 acres of agricultural lands promise to be largely in control of Yankee farmers?

In the years to come, when the productiveness of American soil has decreased and the population has increased proportionately, the United States will be the best market for Canadian grain. Despite the Herculean efforts of the Dominion government to build up a great system of trans-continental railroads, the American trunk lines seem destined to be the natural spout for the outlet of Canada's cereal wealth in the future as they are today.

Here, then, is the business tie that will unite Canuck and Yankee in indissoluble bonds—a tie that will first express itself in mutually favorable trade laws. Already there is a strong sentiment on both sides of the line in favor of resuming the reciprocal relations which were terminated by this government years ago. Commercially, Canada always has felt the need of American friendship. Today the United States is beginning to feel the need of Canadian friendship. The national hands are making ready to clasp across the border, and why not to plight the troth of the "Lady of the Snows" to Uncle Sam?

But there are other than business reasons why western Canada may find her eyes turning wistfully south instead of east, why she should find more congenial company in the states than in the Eastern provinces of the Dominion. Between this far-off wheat and cattle country and the provinces of Quebec and Ontario there is a wide stretch of practically uninhabited country. If there be a design in Nature she has given us something to think about in this hiatus of barrenness dividing east and west, as well as in her running of the western rivers north and south and extending the fertile American prairies far up over the border.

Indeed, there is more than Nature to estrange the peoples on either side of this desolate region north of Lake Superior. The people to the west are largely Protestant and English-speaking; those in Quebec and a large portion of Ontario are Roman Catholic and speak only French. Their children are reared without a knowledge of the English language. In the former province such concession is made by the government to the dominant religious sentiment that laws and customs peculiar to it obtain. French is the official tongue. Priestly authority is almost paramount. Protestantism is not in favor. Modes of life are much as they were a hundred years ago. Quebec and the progressive West have little in common. Manitoba and the adjoining provinces must look to the States for congenial neighbors.

Granting that the press and literature of a country do much to mould its thoughts and cultivate its sentiments, we find still another potent element in the alchemy that is welding western Canada to the United States. The influential newspapers of Winnipeg and other cities get their news of the world through American news agencies. Western Canada must take this news or none. It is in Yankee literature that Canadians find their diversion. "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" and other American novels of the day, historical and otherwise, furnish the bulk of reading in the Dominion. "We must even depend upon American humorists for our jokes," complains one Canadian writer.

Peace-loving men banish the suggestion of force in thinking of this great problem, partly because the idea is repugnant to them, but more because they believe gentler influences than the arbitrament of the sword will bring Canada into the American Union when the time is ripe. The colony as a whole is not over-fond of the mother country. That accounts for the existing separatist movement. Three thousand miles of sea divide the two. Canada is the one British colony that declined to contribute to the upbuilding of the British navy. The laws of trade which Great Britain imposes on the colony are not calculated to win or retain the love of Canadian subjects of the crown. Catholic-French Quebec with her million and a half of souls is not lying awake nights thinking how she may serve the king loyally. The leaven of western Canada seems to have yielding material to work upon in the provinces to the east.

The population of the whole Dominion is less than two persons to the square mile. It is estimated that this western country alone will sustain twenty million persons in comfort.

# Raccoon Creek

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

OVER the creek, and clearing it by a little, hung a snow white, stirless mist, its under surface even and parallel with the face of the water, its upper surface peaked and billowed half way to the tops of the shore skirting trees.

As I dipped along, my head was enveloped in the cloud; but bending over the skiff I could see far up the stream between a mist ceiling and a water floor, as through a long, low room. How deep and dark seemed the water! And the trees how remote, aerial and floating! as if growing in the skies with no roots fast hold of the earth. Filling the valley, conforming to every bend and stretch of the creek, lay the breath of the water, motionless and sheeted, a spirit stream, hovering over the sluggish current a moment, before it should float upward and melt away. It was cold, too, as a wraith might be, colder than the water, for the June sun had not yet risen over the swamp.

At the bridge where the road crossed was a dam which backed the creek out into an acre or more of pond. Not a particle of mud discolored the water; but it was dark, and as it came tumbling, foaming over the moss edged gates it lighted up a rich amber color, the color of strong tea. In the half chill of the dawn the old bridge lay veiled in smoking spray, in a thin, rising vapor of spicy odors, clean, medicinal odors, as of the brewing of many roots, the fragrance of shores of sedges, ferns and aromatic herbs steeped in the slow, soft tide. And faint across the creek, the road and the fields, lay the pondy smell of spatter docks.

I pushed out from the sandy cove and lay with a reach of the lusty docks between me and either shore. It was early morning. The yellow, dew laid road down which I came still slumbered undisturbed; the village cows had not been milked, and the pasture slope, rounding with a feminine grace of curve and form, lay asleep with its sedgy fingers trailing in the water; even the locomotive in the little terminal round house over the hill was not awake and wheezing. But the creek people were stirring—except the frogs. They were growing sleepy. The long June night they had improved, soberly, philosophically; and now, seeing nothing worth while in the dawn of this wonder day, they had begun to doze. But the birds were alive, full of the crisp, June morning, of its overflow of gladness, and were telling their joy in chorus up and down both banks of the creek.

*"Harkneth thise blisful birddes how they singe."*

Do you mean out in Finsbury Moor, Father Chaucer? They were sweet along the banks of the Walbrook, I know, for among them "maken melodye" were the skylark, ethereal minstrel! and the nightingale. But, Father Chaucer, you should have heard the wood thrushes, the orchard orioles—this whole morning chorus singing along the Creek! No one may know how blissful, how wild, how thrilling the singing of birds can be unless he has listened when the summer mists are rising over Raccoon Creek.

There is no song hour after sunrise to compare with this for spirit and volume of sound. The difference between the singing in the dusk and the dawn is the difference between the slow, sweet melody of a dirge and the triumphant, full voiced peal of a wedding march. Even one who has always lived in the

country can scarcely believe his ears the first time he is a-field in June at the birds' awaking hour. Robins led the singing along the creek. They always do. In New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan—everywhere it is the same—they outnumber all rivals three to one. It is necessary to listen closely in order to distinguish the other voices. This particular morning, however, the wood thrushes were all arranged up the copsy hillside at my back, and so reenforced each other that their part was not overborne by robin song. One of the thrushes was perched upon a willow stub along the edge of the water, so near that I could see every flirt of his wings, could almost count the big spots in his sides. Softly, calmly, with the purest joy he sang, pausing at the end of every few bars to preen and call. His song was the soul of serenity, of all that is spiritual. Accompanied by the lower, more continuous notes from among the trees, it rose, a clear, pure, wonderful soprano, lifting the whole wide chorus nearer heaven. Further along the creek, on the border of the swamp, the red shouldered blackbirds were massed; chiming in everywhere sang the catbirds, white eyed vireos, yellow warblers, orchard orioles and Maryland yellow-throats; and at short intervals, soaring for a moment high over the other voices, sounded the thrilling, throbbing notes of the cardinal, broken suddenly and drowned by the roll of the flicker, the wild, wierd cry of the great crested fly catcher, or the rapid, hayrake rattle of the belted kingfisher.

All at once a narrow breeze cut a swath through the mist just across my bows, turned, spread, caught the severed cloud in which I was drifting, and whirled it up and away. The head of the pond and the upper creek were still shrouded; while around me, only breaths of the white flecked the water and the docks. The breeze had not stirred a ripple; the current here in the broad of the pond was imperceptible, and I lay becalmed on the edge of the open channel, among the rank leaves and golden nobs of the docks.

A crowd of chimney swallows gathered over the pond for a morning bath. Half a hundred of them were wheeling, looping and cutting about me in a perfect maze of orbits, as if so many little black shuttles had borrowed wings and gone crazy with freedom. They had come to wash—a very proper thing to do, for there are few birds or beasts that need it more. It was highly fitting for Kingsley's sooty little Tom, seeing he had to turn into something, to become a Water Baby. And if those smaller, winged sweeps of our American chimneys are contemplating a metamorphosis, it ought to be toward a similar life of soaking.

They must have been particularly sooty this morning. One plunge apiece, so far from sufficing, seemed hardly a beginning. They kept diving in over and over, continuing so long that finally I grew curious to know how many dips they were taking, and so, in order to count his dives, I singled one out, after most of the flock had done and gone off to the hawk. How many he had taken before I marked him, and how many more he took after I lost him among the other birds, I cannot say; but, standing up in the skiff, I followed him around and around until he made his nineteenth splash—in less than half as many minutes—when I got so groggy that his twentieth splash I came near taking with him.

The pond narrows toward the head, and just before it becomes a creek again, the channel turns abruptly through the docks in against the right shore, where the current curls and dimples darkly under the drooping branches of great red maple, then horseshoes into the middle, coming down through small bush islands and tangled brush which deepen into an extensive swamp.

June seemed a little tardy here, but the elder, rose, and the panicked cornel were almost ready, the buttonbushes were showing ivory, while the arrow-wood, fully open, was glistening snowily everywhere, its tiny flower crowns falling and floating in patches down stream, its over sweet breath hanging heavy in the morning mist. My nose was in the air all the way for magnolias and water lilies, yet never a whiff from either shore, so particular, so unaccountably notional are some of the high caste flowers with regard to their homes.

The skiff edged slowly past the first of the islands, a mere hummock about a yard square, and was turning a sharp bend farther up, when I thought I had a glimpse of yellowish wings, a guess of a bird shadow, dropping among the dense maple saplings and elder of the islet.

Had I seen or simply imagined something? If I had seen wings, then they were not those of the thrasher—the first bird that came to mind—for they slipped, sank, dropped through the bushes, with just a hint of dodging in their movement, and not exactly as a thrasher would have moved.

Drifting noiselessly back, I searched the tangle and must have been looking directly at the bird several seconds before cutting it out from the stalks and branches. It was a least bittern, a female. She was clinging to a perpendicular stem of elder, hand over hand, wren fashion, her long neck thrust straight into the air, absolutely stiff and statuesque.

We were less than a skiff's length apart, each trying to out pose and out stare the other. I won. My eyes are none the strongest, neither is my patience, yet I have rarely seen a creature that could out wait me. The only steady, straightforward eye in the Jungle was Mowglie's—because it was the only one with a steady mind behind it. As soon as the bird let herself look me squarely in the eye, she knew she was discovered, that her little trick of turning into a stub was seen through; and immediately, ruffling her feathers, she lowered her head, poked out her neck at me, and swaying from side to side like a caged bear, tried to scare me, glaring and softly growling.

Off she flopped as I landed. The nest might be upon the ground or lodged among the bushes; but the only ground space large enough was covered layer over layer with pearly clam shells, the kitchen midden of some muskrat; and the bushes were empty. I went to the other islets, searched bog and tangle, and finally pulled away disappointed, giving the least bittern credit for considerable mother wit and woodcraft. How little wit she really had appeared on my return down creek that afternoon.

I had now entered the high, overhanging swamp, where the shaggy trees, the looping vines and rank, pulposus undergrowth grew thick on both sides, reaching far back; a wet, heavy wilderness without a path, except for the silent feet of the mink and the otter, and the more silent feet of the creek, a narrow stream winding darkly down through the shadows. I was heading up stream toward a deep, sandy sided pool, that was bottomed, or rather unbottomed, by the shadows of overhanging beeches. The pool was alive with raccoon perch, and was regularly fished in the early June mornings by a mink. I hoped he would come for perch this morning.

Floating around a bend, I pulled in among the shore bushes by a bit of grapevine and sitting down upon it made my boat fast. An hour passed, then another and another, but no mink came; but a big blue heron came and fished. I had waited years to see him. I caught no glimpse of the mink, but the morning

was far from wasted.

The creek was roped off by the sagging fox grapevines, and barred, from this point on, by the alders, so that I gave up all farther ascent. I had already given up the mink; yet I waited under the beeches.

It was blazing overhead, growing hotter and closer all the time, with hardly breeze enough to disturb the sleep of the leaf shadows on the sleepy stream. A rusty, red bellied water snake in a mat of briers near by, relaxed and straightened slowly out, and softly, that I might not be attracted, stretching himself to the warmth. I could have broken his back with my paddle, and perhaps, by so doing, saved the nestlings of a pair of Maryland yellowthroats fidgeting about near him. He had eaten many a young bird of these bushes, I was sure—yet only circumstantially sure. Catching him in the act of robbing a nest would have been different; I should have felt justified then in dispatching him. But to strike him asleep in the sun simply because he was a snake, would have robbed the spot of part of its life and spirit and robbed me of serenity for the rest of the day. I should not have been able to enjoy the quiet again until I had said my prayers and slept.

And as between the hawks and other wild birds, we need not interfere. While the water snake was spreading himself, a small hawk, a sharp shinned, I think, came beating over the meadow and was met by a vigilance committee of red shouldered blackbirds. He did not stop to eat any of them, but darted up and they after him. On up he went, 'round and 'round in a rapid, mounting spiral, till only one of the daring redwings followed. I watched. Up they went, higher than I had ever seen a blackbird venture before. And against such unequal odds! But the hawk was scared and had not stopped to look back. He circled; the blackbird cut across inside and caught him on almost every round. And still higher in pure bravado the redwing forced him. I began to tremble for the plucky bird when I saw him turn, half fold his shining wings and shoot straight down—a meteor of jet with fire flying from its opposite sides—down, down, while I held my breath. Suddenly the wings flashed—and he was scaling a steep incline; another flash, a turn—and he was upon a lower plain—had thrown himself against the air and settled upon the swaying top of a brown cattail.

A quiet had been creeping over the swamp and meadow. The dry rasp of a dragon fly's wings was loud in the grass. The stream beneath the beeches darkened and grew moody as the light neared its noon intensity; the beech leaves hung limp and silent; a catbird settled near me with dropped tail and head drawn in between her shoulders, as mute as the leaves; the Maryland yellowthroat broke into a short gallop of song at intervals—he would have to clatter a little on Doomsday, if that day fell in June—but the intervals were far apart. The meadow shimmered. No part of the horizon was in sight—only the sky overhanging the little open of grass, and this was cloudless, though far from blue.

Perhaps there was not a real sign of uneasiness anywhere except in my boat; yet I felt something ominous in this silent, stifled noon. After all, I ought to have scotched the rusty, red bellied water snake leering at me now. The croak of the great blue heron sounded again; then far away, mysterious and spirit-like, floated a soft *qua, qua, qua*—the cry of the least bittern—out of the heart of the swamp.



I loosed the grapevine, put in my paddle and turned down stream, with an urgent desire to get out of the swamp, out where I could see about me. I made no haste, lest the stream, the swamp, the something that made me uneasy, should know. Not that I am superstitious, though I should have been had I lived when the land was all swamp and wood and prairie; and I should be now were I a sailor. My boat slipped swiftly along under the thick-shadowing trees, and rounding a sharp bend brought me the open pond, to the sky and to a sight that explained my disquietude. The west, half way to the zenith, was green—the black and blue green of bruised flesh. Out of it shot a fork of lightning and behind it rumbled muffled thunder.

There was no time to descend the pond. I could already hear the wind across the silence and suspense. It was one of the supreme moments of the summer. The very trees seemed breathless and awestruck. Pushing quickly to the wooded shore, I drew out the boat, turned it over and crawled under it just as the leaves stirred with the first cool, wet breath.

There was an instant's lull, a tremor through the ground: then the rending and crunching of the wind monster in the oaks, the shriek of the forest victim—and the wind was gone. The rain followed with fearful violence, the lightning sizzled and cracked among the trees, and the thunder burst just above the boat—all holding on to finish the wind's work.

It was soon over. The leaves were dripping when I crept out of my shell; the afternoon sun was blinking through a million gleaming tears, and the storm was rumbling far away, behind the swamp. A robin lighted upon a branch over me and set off its load of drops, which rattled down on my boat's bottom like a charge of shot. I glided into the stream. Down the pond where I had seen the sullen clouds was now an indescribable freshness and glory of shining hills and shining sky. The air had been washed and was still hanging across the heavens undried. The maple leaves showed silver; the flock of chimney swifts had returned, and among them, twinkling white and blue and brown, were tree swallows and barn swallows squeaking like new harness; a pair of nighthawks played back and forth across the water, too, awakened, probably, by the thunder, or else mistaken in the green darkness of the storm, thinking it the twilight; and the creek up and down as far as I could hear was ringing with bird calls.

There had been a perceptible rise and quickening of the current. It was slightly roiled and carried a floatage of broken twigs, torn leaves and here and there a golden green tulip petal, like the broken wings of butterflies.

I was in no hurry now and in no fear. The swamp and the storm were at my back. Before me lay the pond, the pastures and the roofs of a human village—all bathed in the splendor of the year's divinest hour. It had not been a perfect day, but these closing hours were perfect, so perfect that they redeemed the whole, and not that day only: they were perfect enough to have redeemed the whole of creation travailing till then in pain.

Because I turned from all this sunset glory to find out what little bird was making the very big fuss near by, and because, parting the foliage of an arrow-wood bush, I looked with exquisite pleasure into the nest of a white eyed vireo, does it mean that I am still unborn as to soul? For some reason it was a relief to look away from that West of vast and burning color to the delicately dotted eggs in the tiny cradle—the same relief felt in descending from a mountain top to the valleys; in turning from the sweep of the sea to watch beach fleas hopping



over the sand, in giving over the wisdom of men for the gabble of my little boys.

How the vireo scolded! and her mate! He half sang his threat and defiance. "Come, get out of this! Come; do you hear?" he cried over and over, as I peeked into the nest. It was a thick walled, exquisite bit of a basket, rimmed 'round with green, growing moss, worked over with shredded bark and fragments of yellowwood from a punky stump across the stream, and suspended by spider webs upon two parallel twigs about three feet above the water. It was not consciously worked out by the birds, of course, but the patch of yellowwood fragments on the side of the nest exactly matched the size and color of the fading cymes of arrowwood blossoms all over the bush, so that I mistook the little domicile utterly on first parting the leaves. A crow or a snake would never have discovered it from that side.

Paddling down, I was soon out of earshot of the scolding vireos, but the little cock's vigorous, ringing song followed me to the head of the pond. Flying heavily over from the meadows with folded neck and dangling legs came a little green heron—the "poke." I spun 'round behind a big clump of elder to watch him; but he saw me, veered, gulped aloud and pulled off with a rapid stroke up the creek.

As I turned, my eye fell upon a soft, yellowish something in the rose bushes across the docks. I was slow to believe. It was too good to be credited all at once. Within three paddle lengths of my boat, in a patch of dark that must be a nest, stood my least bittern.

I sat still for several second tasting the joy of my discovery and anticipating the look into the nest. Then, upon my knees in the bow of the skiff, I pulled up by means of the stout dock leaves until almost able to touch the bird, when she walked off down a dead stalk to the ground, clucking and growling at me.

It wasn't a nest to boast of; but she might boast of her eggs, for there was more eggs than nest—a great deal more. A few sticks had been laid upon the ends of the bending rose bushes, and this flimsy, inadequate platform was literally covered by the five dirty white eggs. The hen had to stand on the bushes straddling the nest in order to brood. How she ever got as close to the nest as that without spilling its contents was hard to see; for I took an egg out and had the greatest difficulty in putting it back, so little room was there, so near to nothing for it to rest upon.

Working back into the channel, I gave the skiff to the easy current and drew slowly along toward the foot of the pond.

The sun had gone down behind the hill; the flame had faded from the sky, and over the rim of the circling slopes poured the soft, cool twilight, with a breeze as soft and cool, and a spirit that was prayer. Drifting across the pond as gently as the gray half light fell a shower of down from the willow catkins. The swallows had left; but from the leafy darkness of the copse in front of me, piercing the dreamy, foamy roar of the distant dam, came the notes of a wood thrush, pure, sweet and peaceful, speaking the soul of the quiet time. My boat grated softly on the sandy bottom of the cove and swung in. Out from the deep shadow of the wooded shore, out over the pond, a thin, white veil was creeping—the mist, the breath of the sleeping water, the spirit of the stream. And away up the creek a distorted, inarticulate sound—the hoarse, guttural croak of the great blue heron, the wierd, uncanny cry of the night, the mock, the menace of the tangled, untamed swamp!

# A Lucky Opal

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

THE wind shrieked hysterically as it sped across the thoroughfare and down a side street. Then it grew angry and inquisitive—shaking doors and windows, thrusting its wet and icy fingers into crevices, and peeping down chimneys. Dr. Fred Dunbar heard its banshee voice and, stretching his shapely legs to the fire, shivered involuntarily.

It was a black and stormy December night. The raindrops froze as they fell; and a chill dampness penetrated entrances and halls.

Dr. Dunbar lighted a cigar and, leaning back in his comfortable office chair, began the perusal of a late journal. He was a man of thirtytwo, tall, erect and handsome. As he sat there, absently twirling his brown mustache around an index finger, a self satisfied smile crept over his face, lighting up his frank blue eyes. Knocking the ashes from his cigar, he yawned sleepily:

"Well, I'm a lucky dog, *this* night. Whew! hear that wind. Wouldn't I hate to face it! It's a wonder I *don't* have to go out tonight; I've been doing a deal of night work recently. Let's see. I've been here six months only; and already my income's becoming burdensome—almost pays my laundry bill. By jacks! it's a good thing for the young man in love with his profession to have something to fall back upon. Otherwise, through lack of proper nourishment, he might become his own skeleton, and—"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling!"

It was the telephone bell. The sound abruptly roused the doctor from his reverie. Springing to his feet, he crossed the room and took down the receiver.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello! Is this Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, please come to the corner of King street and Hickory avenue, immediately."

"Who is it?"

No answer.

"Hello! Hello—I say!"

Still no answer.

"Hello! Who is it wants Dr. Dunbar?"

"King street and Hickory avenue," came faintly to the doctor's ear.

"Yes, I understand. But who is it?"

"It's all right. Will you come?"

"Yes; but—"

At that moment the other party rang off.

Dr. Dunbar hung up his receiver, muttering angrily:

"Well, don't that beat the devil! Whoever that was doesn't make a practice of calling a physician—or there's something shady about the affair."

A scowl rested upon his handsome face; and he strode up and down the room, in perplexity.

"Corner of King street and Hickory avenue," he continued musingly; "that's away in the East End. And, if my memory serves me right, a half dozen squares beyond the brickyards. There isn't a residence near there—ah!"—and he stopped and caught his breath sharply—"That's where the old icebarn stands. I understand everything now. I've heard it rumored that the sporting fraternity is in the habit of pulling off cock fights in that unused building. Some sport has got a knife thrust or a bit of cold lead. The affair *is* shady—they don't want the police to swoop down upon them. Well, here's for the sake of suffering humanity!"

He ordered his horse and hastily prepared for the disagreeable trip, all the while communing with himself.

"Thought I was to have a quiet evening with my books and magazines. Bah! This is a part of the penalty a man pays for being a philanthropic fool and studying medicine. Let's see—I think I've got everything I need. Well, here goes."

The night was intensely black, the wind blew a stiff gale, and the rain fell in sheets. At a fair speed he drove along the lighted streets. He left the street car tracks and electric lights behind and emerged into the sparsely settled suburbs. Then came the brick yards and the laborers' hovels surrounding them. The last light disappeared—he could hardly see to drive.

Of a sudden he pulled up and, peering intently into the blackness ahead of him, growled shiveringly:

"I must be near the place. Yes; there it is—right under my nose."

He shook the lines, and again moved forward. A muffled figure emerged from the shadow of the building he was nearing and called softly:

"Hello! Is that Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

The man advanced and seizing the bridle said quietly but firmly:

"I'll lead your horse into the barn; it's quite dark."

"Somebody hurt?" inquired the physician, as the phaeton rolled and lurched along the stone approach leading to the interior of the building.

The man made no reply; and a suspicion flashed upon Dunbar's mind that all was not right. However, he quieted himself with the thought that, owing to the rattle of the vehicle, his companion had not heard him. He wondered, though, that no light showed within the barn; and regretted that he had not brought his revolver.

The horse's hoofs thundered upon the plank floor, and the phaeton came to a stop. Dr. Dunbar caught the sound of shuffling footsteps and quick breathing, but could see nothing. Alarm seized

him; and he was about to leap to the floor, when a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Don't be alarmed, doctor; no harm is intended. A patient needs your services—a patient whom you musn't know. It's a matter of life and death, and haste is necessary. Therefore you must consent to do my bidding; there's no time to get another physician."

Somewhat reassured and emboldened by the speaker's tone and words, Dr. Dunbar replied:

"I can't understand you nor your method of procuring medical aid. However, as your language indicates you're a gentleman and not a footpad, I'm ready to listen to you. What do you desire?"

"That you be blindfolded before you're conducted to the presence of the patient."

"Blindfolded?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be—what if I refuse?"

"Don't speak so loud," cautioned the man. "If you refuse, I'll force you to do as I wish. I've help at hand."

"Huh! What if I should raise an outcry?"

"Listen!" the voice said menacingly. "This is a lonely place—no one could hear you. Do my bidding, and you shall return to your office amply rewarded for your services; refuse, and—"

"And what?" Dunbar asked calmly. He had regained control of himself; and all his fears had vanished.

"And you die!" whispered the man, shoving the cold muzzle of a revolver against the doctor's temple.

Fred Dunbar's voice did not quaver though he involuntarily drew away from the cold weapon pressing his forehead. He said stoutly:

"The devil! I don't believe you'd dare to shoot me; so don't flatter yourself you're frightening me into acceding to your demands. And let up on your

heroics. I'll see this thing through—I consent to be blindfolded. But I can't understand how I'm to administer to a patient with my eyes bandaged."

"Never mind that for the present," replied the mysterious personage. "Step out upon the floor."

The doctor obeyed; and immediately a muslin bag was dropped over his head and a silken scarf was wound around it a number of turns.

"It appears you don't wish me to see or hear either," he remarked chuckling, the humor of the affair appealing to him.

"True," was the terse answer. "Here is your satchel. Come on."

The physician felt himself led across the barn floor. A side door opened, and the air blew upon him.

"Is the patient near at hand, he inquired, some concern in his tone.

"No," was the curt rejoinder that came as a muffled whisper to his bandaged ears.

"Well, what's to become of my horse in my absence?"

"Have no fear; it's secure."

At that moment Dunbar thought he heard someone within the barn speaking to the restive animal in a low, guarded tone of voice. He—the doctor—was not at all alarmed over his safety now; in fact, he was rather enjoying the novelty of the experience.

"What a bugaboo tale I'll have to tell the fellows at the club," was the thought uppermost in his mind.

The man led him over the uneven ground for a few yards. Then they came to a sudden halt, and, by the sense of touch, the professional man became aware that they stood at the side of a closed cab.

"Climb in," commanded his conductor.

The doctor obeyed; and his companion followed him. The door was closed softly, and Dunbar felt rather than heard the driver scramble to his seat.

Away they rolled. The earth was soft, and the impact of the horses' feet upon it gave forth but little sound. The cab swayed and lurched fearfully; they were moving rapidly over the rough roads. Then, after some minutes, the doctor's bandaged ears caught faintly the sound of iron shoes upon paved streets.

"We're returning toward the heart of the city," was his mental comment. "What's to be the outcome of this adventure?"

Again they were upon the soft earth of the suburbs. After what seemed an age to Dunbar's overwrought imagination, the vehicle came to a stop. The two men alighted, and the conductor led the physician up the front steps of a building. Dunbar counted them as he ascended—one, two, three, four. Then the door opened and closed; and they were standing in a spacious hallway—so the doctor judged from the warm air and the hollow sound of the closing door.

A voice that was not the voice of his conductor came to his muffled ears, saying:

"Thank God! You're here at last. I thought you'd never come. There's not a moment to waste—take him to her at once."

"A lady patient," murmured the doctor, beneath his mask; and his heart throbbed with expectancy.

Once more his conductor's hand was laid upon his shoulder; and these words were breathed into his ear:

"I've brought you here to see a lady who has accidentally poisoned herself. For the sake of the family we don't want it noised abroad—people are prone to put a wrong construction upon such accidents. I'll conduct you to her apartment at once. There you may remove the scarf from your head; you'll be able to see and hear through your mask. A servant is in attendance, who will procure you anything you need. Do for the patient everything that lies in your

power; you shall be well paid. But you mustn't reveal your face nor your name to her; nor must you make an effort to discover who she is. Do you understand?"

Dr. Dunbar nodded.

"Very well. Remember the servant will report any treachery. If you attempt to deceive me, in the minutest particular, you'll never leave this house alive. No one but myself and trusted assistants know you're here."

"It may become necessary for me to see her face—the doctor began.

"Under *no circumstances* are you to see her face," was the stern interruption.

"Then I may not be able to save her life—"

"You *must!* You'll save her life or *forfeit your own!*"

Dr. Fred Dunbar started, muttering under his breath:

"I'm beginning to believe this desperate scoundrel means what he says."

But aloud he said:

"Bah! Ring down the curtain on the melodrama. What poison has she taken?"

"The attendant will answer your questions. Come on."

The physician was conducted up a broad stairway and pushed into a room. Then the door was closed and locked behind him. He placed his satchel upon the floor and removed the scarf that encircled his head. Then he became aware that there were holes in the muslin mask through which he could see clearly. He was in a large chamber richly furnished. Before him stood an aged and repulsive looking negress black as night. Upon a luxurious bed in one corner lay the patient.

A light covering hid her form, and one white hand rested upon it. The loose sleeve of her gown had slipped up, and the arm thus revealed was plump and shapely. Her face and neck were enveloped in the folds of a white scarf

or mantilla; lips and teeth only were visible. The doctor noted that the latter were white and even and of nature's handiwork. All this his trained eye took in at a glance.

"Young and beautiful," was his mental ejaculation.

He advanced to the bedside and took the patient's hand, the negress watching him narrowly. He found the pulse slow and weak, and noted that the nails were blue, and the hand and arm cold. The full lips were cyanotic and the respiration was slow and labored.

"Weak circulation—heart depressant," was his quick diagnosis.

Then, bending over the prostrate form, he cried sharply:

"Are you awake? Can you hear me?" The still form did not stir.

Turning to the negress, the doctor asked:

"How long has your mistress lain so?"

"Fo' mo'n two hours."

"Too late for an emetic," he muttered in an undertone. Then aloud:

"Do you know what she took?"

The negress silently handed him a folded paper containing a few grains of a white, crystalline powder. Dunbar gingerly tasted it, and, making a wry face, muttered half audibly:

"Acetanalid—I thought so. That calls for prompt action."

Then to the negress:

"Get me some warm water, and a spoon and a glass—and be quick about it. I want warm flannel, hot water bottles, and brandy, too. Hurry!"

Someone was restlessly pacing up and down the hall outside. The negress tapped upon the door and it was opened slightly. Soon the doctor had the desired articles; and again the door was closed and locked.

He went to work with a will. He directed the negress to place the hot water bottles in the bed, and to wrap the cold form in warm flannels. In the



meantime, he had loaded his hypodermic syringe with a powerful heart stimulant. Stepping to the bedside, he prepared to inject the medicine into his veiled patient's arm. He caught the glitter of a costly ring upon her finger, and paused momentarily to examine it. It was a neat band of gold set with a large Hungarian opal in which a heart of fire was blazing.

"I *believe* I'd know that ring again," he whispered as he slipped the loose sleeve still higher and remorselessly thrust the keen needle into the white skin.

For several minutes he sat upon the side of the bed, holding a finger over the minute puncture he had made and silently watching for the effects of the medicine. The negress scrutinized his every movement. He saw a small, shining white mark upon the patient's arm, and examined it closely. It was a vaccination scar almost effaced by time; and just above it were three small brown moles in a cluster.

"I *know* I'd recognize that arm—should I ever chance to see it again," he mused.

Again he felt the pulse. It was stronger, more rapid. The cyanotic hue was forsaking the lips. The medicine was having the desired effect. The patient stirred uneasily.

"Hand me that glass of brandy and water," the doctor said to the negress.

Slowly and skillfully he poured a small quantity of the mixture between his patient's parted lips. Mechanically she swallowed. He repeated the dose; and she strangled and coughed. Then her hands and limbs began to recover their warmth; and she heaved a deep respiration.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked in a loud tone.

"Yes," was the reply, as faint as the whisper of a summer breeze.

He gave her a dose of brandy and

digitalis, and leaving the bedside walked up and down the room for several minutes. Again he examined the pulse, and found it steadier and stronger.

"You're much better," he suggested.

"Yes," was the answer.

Her voice was weak, but as clear and sweet as the ripple of crystal water.

"I'm the doctor," he said.

"I can't see you," she began.

"That's all right—your eyes are bandaged," he interrupted hastily. "Lie still."

"Oh, why didn't you let me die!—" and she sighed deeply, despairingly.

"I'd know that voice again, too," he thought; but aloud he said to the negress:

"Your mistress is out of danger; I'm going. Give her a dose of this medicine in half an hour."

As he shook hands with his mysterious patient in parting, both of hers sought his in warm pressure, and the whispered words "Help me!" greeted his ears.

Then he felt a crumpled bit of paper thrust into his palm, and he adroitly transferred it to his pocket, without attracting the attention of the watchful black attendant.

"Here—arrange this scarf for me," he muttered brusquely, to divert her attention.

Then he groped his way to the door, his heart thumping in wild and exultant tumult.

Just outside, his conductor gripped his arm and inquired anxiously:

"What's her condition?"

"She's out of danger."

"You're not deceiving me?"

"No."

"Here's your reward, then." And a roll of bank bills was thrust into the doctor's hand.

Again the two were in the cab. Neither spoke during the return journey to the old ice barn.

An hour later Dunbar was sitting by



his office fire, with nothing but a roll of bank bills to prove he had not dreamed it all. Yes, he had one other proof—the crumpled bit of paper; and now he spread it upon his knee and carefully examined it. It was a scrawling note, written in soft pencil upon fuzzy book-paper. Evidently it had been prepared hurriedly, to escape the prying eyes of others than the writer. Many of the words were illegible, but this is what Dr. Dunbar deciphered:

*"Doctor—whichever . . . . be:  
taken poison . . . not so much  
my intention to commit suicide . . . to  
bring someone . . . rescue. . . virtu-  
ally a prisoner . . . hands . . . relatives  
. . . . pity . . . find me alive . . . not  
matter . . . die . . . so miserably un-  
happy. Elo . . . Le . . . tier."*

"Whew!" whistled the doctor, as he folded the strange missive and placed it in his pocketbook. "I glean from these broken sentences that my veiled lady didn't mean to commit suicide, but took that rather heroic method of summoning aid. However, she thought it mattered little if she *did* die—she's so miserably unhappy. A prisoner in the hands of her relatives, eh? What the mischief can it all mean? She thought to bring a physician and give him this note; then she expected him to take steps to deliver her from the clutches of her relatives. But they trumped her trick neatly! I don't know her face, nor where she lives; I can't make out her name, even—Eloise something, of course. French, maybe—pshaw!"

He sat and thought until the fire went out and the room grew cold. Then he retired; but he could not sleep. The tinkle of that silvery voice was in his ears; the fiery heart of the Hungarian opal flashed before his closed eyes.

"Stuff!" he muttered at last, in deep disgust. "Why should I lose sleep over the matter? Doubtless she's some ro-

mantic and lovelorn maiden subject to attacks of hysteria."

But he could not believe his own peevish statement, and it was almost daylight ere he finally fell asleep.

After he had made his morning visits, he called upon his friend, the corner druggist. To the man of the mortar and pestle he related his adventure of the previous night in detail, producing the roll of bank bills and crumpled note in evidence. When he had finished he detected an incredulous smile upon his friend's face.

"Don't you believe what I've told you, Mr. Lucas?" he demanded irritably.

"Of course," laughed Mr. Lucas. "Why don't you write it out and sell it to a newspaper syndicate."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Write out your dream in full—"

"Dream!" Dr. Dunbar broke in hotly.

"It's an actual occurrence. I swear—"

"Swear not!"—And the druggist grinned inanely. — "I'm one of the most credulous mortals, Dunbar, but I can't swallow that yarn. Let's have no more of it. How's Mr. Marsden this morning?"

In a tiff the doctor left the drug store, without replying to his friend's solicitous inquiry. Then and there he resolved not to mention the matter to another human being. If Mr. Lucas—his most intimate associate—would not give credence to his tale, who would?

The days and weeks slipped by. Dr. Dunbar kept his resolve—kept his own counsel. Much connected with his nocturnal adventure grew hazy and indistinct; but a few things kept a fixed place in his memory. The soft, clear, well-moulded tones of his mysterious patient's voice became more and more insistent. He heard her words—"Help me!" on the crowded thoroughfare and in the privacy of his own rooms. At last he knew what it meant; he was in

love—in love with a voice.

Six months passed. One balmy June morning he was called to the North Side. His horse was lame, and he took an electric car. At the viaduct a gentleman and lady came aboard and took seats opposite. The man was swarthy, of middle age and foreign and sinister aspect. The woman was tall and willowy, but so closely veiled Dunbar could not get a glimpse of her face. Her escort stared hard at the physician from time to time, and appeared ill at ease.

When the conductor came to collect their fares, the foreign looking gentleman could not produce the requisite change and he appealed to his companion.

"Have you any small coins," he asked.

Dunbar pricked up his ears; the man's voice sounded strangely familiar.

"I think so—yes," was the young woman's reply.

Dunbar started visibly. It was the voice he loved—the voice of his waking dreams, but stronger and fuller than he had ever heard it. On the instant the cool and reasoning physician vanished, and the hot and impulsive lover was there in his stead. He quivered with excitement. He saw the black eyes of the foreigner fixed full upon him, but he could not control his agitation. The young woman quietly removed her glove to procure the necessary change from her purse; and Fred Dunbar almost sprang to his feet. Upon her finger was the opal ring that had haunted his sight for months!

It was *she*! With an effort he regained control of himself, and looked away from her. The car reached the suburbs and came to a stop, and the couple alighted. The physician forgot all about his professional visit and, leaping to the ground, followed them at a distance—without pausing to question his motive or action. They proceeded along a shady street, for three or four squares, and entered a big

brick house. Dr. Dunbar counted the steps leading up to the front door. There were four of them.

For the next few days, he was in a fever of unrest and uncertainty. By inquiries, he learned that the family consisted of an old man, Henri De Voire, his son, Jean, and a young relative, Eloise Le Villier. They had occupied the house about a year and no one knew whence they came. They were exclusive, entertaining no company and making few acquaintances. Miss Le Villier never went out unaccompanied by one of her male relatives, and few people had seen her unveiled.

Dunbar at last resolved that he must know the true status of affairs in that household. Should he write Miss Le Villier? No; if she were under the malign control and espionage of her relatives, they would intercept any written communication. In a fit of desperation he resolved to call at the house, and impetuously he carried out his resolution. As he drove up to the somber-looking residence, he cursed himself for a lovesick idiot—but did not hold back.

An old man was spraying the front lawn. Of him the doctor inquired:

"Is Mr. De Voire at home?"

"The De Voires don't live here now," was the unexpected and disconcerting reply.

"Don't live here?" the doctor exclaimed incredulously.

"No sir; they left day before yesterday."

"The young lady—Miss Le Villier, too?"

"Of course. They went to the lakes for her health."

"Is she ill?"

"No; just a little off in her mind, you know. They never 'lowed her out of their sight. She's been better of late; but they took a sudden notion to go—and they went."

Dr. Dunbar returned to his office, in

a perplexed and depressed state of mind. So this was the end of his love dream. He had been in love with the voice of a half demented nonentity! He tried to despise himself, but could not. He vowed that he would root the whole affair from his mind—and deliberately sat down to think it over. In the end he came back to his original conviction—that Eloise Le Villier was a wronged and suffering young woman. And her voice continued to haunt him.

Summer sped and winter came. Again Dr. Dunbar sat alone in his office, after a day of hard work, and again the telephone bell broke in upon his reverie. It was a call from the Hostlerie, an aristocratic boarding house on Vaughan street.

The landlady met him in the parlor, and said:

"Miss Lindsay in number eight was taken with a severe chill and pain in her chest, about noon, and now she's feverish and delirious. Sarah, show Dr. Dunbar up to number eight."

Number eight was a suite of three rooms. A beautiful young woman, her face flushed with fever and framed in a tumbled mass of raven hair, turned toward the door, as the doctor entered, and two black eyes stared wildly at him. He advanced to the bed and spoke soothingly to the delirious sufferer. Her lips moved tremulously, but no sound came forth, and she kept her gaze fixed upon his face. His strong, warm fingers sought her wrist, as he stood studying her countenance. His touch appeared to soothe and reassure her, and she wearily dropped her jetty lashes.

The respiration was hurried and jerky, the pulse was rapid and bounding.

"Pneumonia," was his decision when he had finished his examination.

Just as he turned to give a command to the attendant, the patient's other hand fluttered restlessly from beneath the coverlet. Again the fateful opal revealed itself to Dr. Dunbar's startled gaze! He

sprang to the bedside—unheeding the presence of the astounded servant—and, pushing up the flowing sleeve, examined the white and shapely arm. The marks were before him—"Miss Lindsey" was Eloise Le Villier!

Blessing the fates that had at last thrown them together, Dr. Dunbar set to work to save the life that was oscillating in the balance. He installed a trained nurse and made frequent visits. In two weeks his patient was convalescent, and a few days after, when he entered her apartments one morning, he found her smiling at him from the cushioned depths of an armchair. She was thin and pale—but very beautiful, he thought.

"Good morning, Doctor," was her pleasant greeting. "I feel so much better this morning, that I must perform a duty I've neglected. I desire to thank you for your skillful and unremitting care."

She paused for breath—her bosom rising and falling. Seating himself at her side, he replied hurriedly:

"Don't thank me. I'm rewarded to find you so much improved."

"You've been very kind to me—a total stranger," she went on slowly; "and very successful in your treatment. I can't realize how you understood me—my case, so well; you never treated me before—"

He resolved upon a bold stroke, and interrupted with:

"But I *have* treated you before, Miss—"

He hesitated—paused, in embarrassment. All through her illness he had called her "Miss Lindsey." What should he call her now? She turned her black eyes full upon him, in silent inquiry. He was considering whether it would be well to let her know all—whether the surprise would be too much for her weakened nerves.

"You say you've treated me before, doctor?"

He had gone too far; his retreat was barred.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I've treated you *once* before, Miss Le Villier."

He expected her to be startled—alarmed; to faint or have a nervous attack. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead, she coolly leaned back in her chair, half closing her eyes, and returned smilingly:

"So you know me, Dr. Dunbar?"

"I do."

"Then you must be the physician who attended me when I—I took acetanilid; for this is the second time in my life that I've been under a doctor's care."

He nodded gravely.

"That explains, then," she murmured musingly. "Many times during my present illness, I've striven to recall where I had heard your voice. Your face did not appear familiar, but your voice seemed like that of an old friend—that is—"

She broke off abruptly, her breast heaving, her cheeks flushed. Noticing her agitation, the doctor remarked:

"You're exciting yourself; you'll be worse. You must talk no more at present."

"I'm stronger than you think, doctor; and I'm not tiring myself," she answered pleadingly. "How did you discover my identity? You didn't see my face the night you—you saved my life."

And again the pink flush suffused her cheeks. Dr. Dunbar was eyeing her keenly, and attributed her agitation to embarrassment and nervous excitement. Now he said positively:

"We'll drop the subject for the time. I'm not going to allow you to work injury to yourself."

"No—no!" she pleaded prettily, laying her hand upon his sleeve. "Tell me how you knew me."

With her slender white fingers caressing his arm and her soulful black eyes turned beseechingly to his, he could not

refuse her request—especially as he *desired* to do just what she requested, so he told her of the opal ring and the marks upon her arm.

"How interesting—how romantic!" she cried in genuine delight, laughing merrily.

Then, with instant gravity:

"But you haven't informed me how you learned my name. Surely Jean didn't tell you—after all the pains he took to conceal my identity? You see he tauntingly told me all—after I recovered—how he had brought you to the house and kept you in ignorance of who we were."

Dr. Dunbar made her acquainted with the street car episode and his subsequent inquiries. She clapped her hands in mercurial ecstasy, crying:

"You should be a detective, doctor."

Again looking pensively grave, she continued:

"But you *were* the knight errant I thought you; you *did* try to come to my rescue."

"Did you think me a knight errant?" And he laughed uneasily—"How could you? You didn't know me—you hadn't seen me."

"I know," she replied with a bewitching show of embarrassment, "but I'd heard your voice, and—and I remembered it. And a number of days ago the suspicion flashed upon me that you were the physician who attended me in my previous illness."

"And you *were* in need of help?"

She drew herself up stiffly as she replied:

"Certainly! Did you doubt it?"

"I—I didn't know what to think," he stammered confusedly. "I couldn't decipher all of your note, you know; and—"

"I know what you thought," she broke in indignantly; "you thought me a hysterical young miss crossed in love. Oh, I know you cold and heartless professional men!"

He laughed heartily at her keen intuition; and she joined him.

"I *did* try to make myself believe something of the kind," he confessed, "but could not. Can you forgive me?"

"Readily." And once more the hot blood rushed to her face.

"Tell me of yourself," he said suddenly.

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"Which is very little. I'm French. My parents died when I was quite young; and I was left to the care of my father's cousin, Henri De Voire. He brought me and Jean to America, and we lived in one city after another. Jean's mother died before we left France. Two years ago he professed to love me and asked me to marry him. I refused. His father joined him in his pleading; they wished to gain full control of my fortune. Still I refused; and at last they made a prisoner of me—would let me see no one unless they were present. They gave out that I was demented and tried to force me to accede to their demands, but I was firm—obstinate, if you please. I didn't love Jean, and I couldn't marry him. A little over a year ago we came to this city. I was growing desperate;

and, in casting about for an avenue of escape from their persecutions, I hit upon the plan—romantic and silly, perhaps—of which you know. After that, they ceased to torment me, in a measure, with their importunities; but last summer, of a sudden, they took me to Canada. I know now that they left here to escape your interference in my behalf. By mere chance I eluded their vigilance and—selling my mother's jewels to obtain money—returned to this city. Here I've lived under an assumed name, teaching music to eke out an existence. You know the rest. I haven't tried to obtain possession of my fortune, for fear of them. The bare thought of Jean and his horrible temper terrorizes me. Many times he threatened to place me in a private madhouse, and at times I feared he would soon have just reason for so doing. You've been very kind to me, Dr. Dunbar; I feel grateful—I trust you. Oh, won't you protect and aid me?"

Tears were in her eyes. He took the slim, white hand, that rested so confidently upon his arm, and, looking intently at the opal's heart of fire, made answer:

"If you'll give me the right, Eloise—yes."

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### AT LAST

By R. H. STODDARD

(Born July 2, 1825; died May 12, 1903.)

When first the bride and bridegroom wed,

They love their single selves the best;

A sword is in the marriage bed,

Their separate slumbers are not rest.

They quarrel, and make up again,

They give and suffer worlds of pain.

Both right and wrong,

They struggle long,

Till some good day, when they are old,

Some dark day, when the bells are tolled,

Death having taken their best of life,

They lose themselves and find each other;

They know that they are husband, wife,

For, weeping, they are Father, Mother!



## SIDE-LIGHTS ON LINCOLN

THE summer rain, making the graves bright and green, has fallen on the tomb of the many-sided martyr of Springfield for more than one generation. Abraham Lincoln was a statesman who stood between a nation and perdition!

I was a member of the state senate for three years, and president of that body for one year, during the war, in one of the middle states, and saw much of Mr. Lincoln from 1861 to 1865. He was usually found in the East Room of the White House, overlooking the Potomac.

One Sunday, after the surrender of Vicksburg, the president said, speaking of General Grant:

"I fully appreciated the real strength of Grant's character, when he spent a whole day with me in Washington, and asked that eight major generals and thirteen brigadier generals should be retired, solely to make room for the soldiers who had won and worn their wounds and honors a' front. In vain," continued Lincoln, "I told General Grant that many of these officers were my personal friends, but he insisted. At last I yielded, and by doing so greatly strengthened the army."

On the same occasion Mr. Lincoln said:

"I did not at first understand Grant's plan of campaign at Vicksburg; but when I saw him run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communication, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads, and sit down, calmly, behind the Vicksburg fortifications, I knew the rebel stronghold would fall by assault or by starvation."

"I had one scare," said Lincoln, kicking the blazing hickory logs in the open grate in front of him, "and I had only one, as to Grant's power of endurance, and that was on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness. General Jim Wilson, a great soldier in the cavalry army of the service, always said that Grant was not a great tactician. He won his spurs by hard-hitting and his staying qualities as a fighter. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was late in the afternoon on the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels, by a happy stroke, turned the Sixth Corps' right flank. Grant's nerve was severely shaken by this, his first reverse at the hands of Lee. General Rawlins, his chief of staff, Jim Wilson and Phil Sheridan, in all that host, were the only soldiers of rank who served with Grant in the West. Meade had his headquarters near by, and the general trusted much to him."

"The rule in Meade's army, under like circumstances," said the president, "would seem to require it to retire, and I feared that on the next day our army would be on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of the road to Richmond; Sheridan had the same fear. Though the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten, I feared that the division commanders, comparatively unknown to Grant, might bring a pressure on him to go backward, to which he might yield. General Jim Wilson rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters on a knoll, covered with scrub-pine, and he was just ready to move and march on."

"General Grant saw the look of anxious inquiry on General Jim Wilson's face, and, without changing a muscle of his impassive countenance he called out in assuring tones: 'It is all right, Wilson. The army is already on the move for Richmond. It is not going back, but forward till we beat Lee or he beats us.' 'When I heard that,' said Lincoln, 'I never doubted the certainty of Grant's hewing his blind pathway across the Wilderness and into Richmond.'"

Abraham Lincoln, after the battle of Gettysburg, saw both Henry Winter Davis and General George Meade come into the White House on one of the regular reception afternoons. I stood near Lincoln, and he leaned over, in his effusive, warm-hearted manner, towards me, grasped me by the hand and said, looking toward Davis: "This looks well for us. Henry Winter Davis has not called at the White House till now, during the three years past."

What the President meant was that Davis must see that Lincoln's chances for renomination were rapidly improving, for the Wade-Davis manifesto against Lincoln's renomination had just died a natural death.

On the afternoon of the reception already mentioned, while I stood near Abraham Lincoln, General Meade came in and was rapidly advancing toward the president. Lincoln's eyes flashed. Turning toward me, his head thrown back, he said: "There! General Meade has just come in." With a tinge of bitterness in his voice, he continued: "And that is the great general, who ought to have cut the rebel army to pieces at Falling Waters; and he didn't do it!" More than once afterwards Mr. Lincoln recalled to me that conversation. He never changed his opinion on great national questions or about any great general in my hearing, and I recall his criticism, a memorable and historical one, on General Fitz-John Porter:

"Fitz-John Porter is a traitor,—that question does not admit of argument."

And in criticizing General Meade, he, the sweet-souled martyr of Springfield, never failed to do justice to the achievements of the hero of Gettysburg. It was of that battle I have heard Lincoln speak these words:

"Of the two great efforts to enslave the human race in body and in mind, the first met its grave 200 years ago under Cromwell, at Marston Moor; and the second met its doom under General Meade, at Gettysburg."

Mr. Lincoln was seriously and earnestly concerned about his renomination. Montgomery Blair's "time had come," because he, Blair, sought the nomination in 1864 at Baltimore, against his chief. Chase had to leave the cabinet for the same reason. Simon Cameron had just caused the legislature of Pennsylvania to sign a memorial recommending Mr. Lincoln's renomination for President; and my mission to the White House reception (the day I met General Meade and Henry Winter Davis of Maryland there), was to convey the not unwelcome intelligence to the sweet-spirited Lincoln that the legislature of New Jersey had signed a round robin, following Pennsylvania, in favor of Lincoln's renomination. The next day I appeared at the East room of the White House by invitation. Upon comparing notes Mr. Lincoln, who was a master-mind in politics, took a card from his vest pocket and explained to me with the accuracy of an exact science that



## By JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL

he was only thirty-one votes short of renomination in the approaching Baltimore convention. By the way, Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge of Kentucky, a patriot, faithful among the faithless, was the temporary president of that great convention, and he was received with tumultuous acclaim when he delivered his stirring and ringing address on opening that vast congregation of patriotic men.

There was one thing that caused Mr. Lincoln no little uneasiness; and in his frankness, which was an integral part of his nature, he did not tend to conceal the fact that he feared his enemies would make Grant a candidate for the presidency at Baltimore. In fact, Missouri did cast one full ballot for Grant, but hastened to make Lincoln's nomination unanimous. In his anxiety on this subject the president, just before the convention, requested me to see General William Hillyer and talk with him of Grant's views on the presidency. General Hillyer was a fellow-student at school with me at New Albany, Indiana, and was a member of General Grant's staff. Hillyer was at Willard's Hotel, Washington.

There I went and made my errand known to him. After a generous western welcome, and after I stated my case, he broke out in a ringing laugh as he said:

"Colonel, you can go and tell the president that there is no power on this earth that could drag Ulysses S. Grant's name into this presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. The latter tried to capture Richmond with Washington as his base. Grant is as wise as he is loyal to Lincoln. Talking of this very subject, anent the expected action of his Missouri friends in the coming convention, General Grant said: 'I could not entertain for an instant any competition with our great and good president for the succession. I owe him too much, and it's not my time. I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the world's greatest men. He is unquestionably the biggest man I ever met. I admire his courage, as I respect his patience and his firmness. His gentleness of character does not conflict with that noble courage with which he changes his convictions when he is convinced that he is wrong. While stating a complicated case to him his grasp of the main question is wonderfully strong, and he at once comprehends the whole subject better than the person who states it.'"

This was the last interview I ever had with General Hillyer, who was a bluff, straightforward, typical western soldier. He died soon after, in St. Louis, I think. Hillyer told me I had *carte-blanc* from Grant to say that under no possible circumstances could he be coaxed or driven into the presidential race of 1864.

It was with a light heart I found my way back to the East Room, where I had the good fortune to find the president entirely alone. He rose to his feet, grasped both of my hands in his own, a habit he had when pleased, pushed a chair over toward the one from which he has risen, and said, in a tone of voice no man can reproduce:

"Now tell us all you know."

I said:

"Mr. Lincoln, what Hillyer says, Grant thinks. And he said that Grant is of the opinion that you are the one man to finish the big job you undertook nearly four years ago. He will help you conquer the Rebellion without conditions, and he will aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and making the Union perpetual. He even recalled Cavour's letter to Seward, in which the Italian statesman said: 'You will not only make America what she was, but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"

I related the story with a little less rhetoric and more emphasis than my memory reproduces it here. Lincoln rose to his feet and with more fire and *elan* than I ever before witnessed in him, paced up and down the room, pausing to look out on the placid Potomac. He talked briefly and in earnest. He said (and it seems to me only yesterday he said it):

"Ah, Colonel, you have lifted a heavy load from my shoulders. I was a little afraid of Grant, because I know the men who want to get behind the great name—we are all human; I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man; and when the presidential grub gets inside a man it hides well. That 'basilisk' sometimes kills."

Mr. Lincoln, still pacing the room, told how General McClelland of Illinois tried to leap into Grant's place before Vicksburg, when he laid his presidential veto on the intrigants and strengthened Grant's hands till Vicksburg was captured. Lincoln said:

"I met Grant March 9, 1864, and as I handed him his commission I said: 'As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you.'"

That was a red-letter day in my memory of Lincoln. A nature tinged and saddened by his early and romantic passion for Ann Rutledge, who died years before his marriage, must always remain an enigma to a careless world, which did not understand how, to an intense nature like Lincoln's, such a passion for a tenderly gracious and gifted woman was as divine as duty and stronger than death. Added to the strong, masterful, practical side of his nature, he was of "imagination all compact."

*"Made sad and sure,  
By many sorrows and one love"*

He felt keenly and often so expressed himself, the great loneliness of power, and he grappled with hooks of steel those who loved him, not for the largeness of office, but who clung to him because they saw and loved in him the deep, underlying, pathetic self-abnegation of a pure, unselfish and lofty soul; and he had the rare power of knowing the true friend from the sycophant.

And the history of this sad, glad, wise, quaint and lovable man from out of the West, great as he was pure, will live forever. His name will grow into the granite base on which shall be built in the coming on of time the statue of an ideal statesman in a republic of honest men, where pure law shall be measured only by perfect freedom.

# Cupid at Camp Meeting

By MINNIE REID FRENCH

ONE day near the close of August, our young friend John, the store clerk, was to be seen, mounted upon his employer's horse, cantering along the road which led to the "camp ground."

It was regular camp meeting weather, dusty and dry, but with great clouds gathering about the tops of the mountains, making ready for their annual downpour upon the heads of the faithful who journeyed toward their Mecca riding horseback and occupying vehicles representing the various modes of conveyance of nearly every period of American history. Here and there, a smart buggy dashed through the crowd, and every now and then the ranks were broken by a hack load of laughing, chattering young people, who were evidently looking forward to a week of fun. In sharp contrast to these appeared the ancient "jersey," driven by the long haired, long faced father of the house, with a meek looking wife beside him, and behind him an interesting family of varying ages, occupying the stiff-back dining room chairs which had done duty for a quarter of a century. Occasionally, one would see a good brother and sister traveling horseback, she with a bundle in her arms containing the latest addition to their household, and he with the last year's baby in his lap and two or three youngsters riding behind. Wagons loaded with household goods, cooking utensils, and all kinds of eatables toiled through the dust; while the good wives of the neighborhood in faded yellow riding skirts and poke bonnets, jogged along, dangling from either side of their saddles a brace of fat, astonished fowls, whose protesting squawks gladdened the hearts of the solemn conclave of ministers who brought up the rear.

John loitered behind until even the somber backs of the preachers disappeared from his sight. For the first time in his life, he looked about with a critical eye, and seemed to discern new beauties in the familiar scenery. Were those mist wreathed mountains the same under whose shadow he was born? Was that New River, beside which the nineteen years of his life had been spent? Was this the same old earth, the same sky overhead? Gazing ardently upward, our young friend thought how well "blue" rhymed with "true," "eyes" with "skies," and in the innocence of his heart coupled "green" with "dream" and "river" with "lover."

From the foregoing it is evident, even to the most unobservant, that John was in love.

Only a few weeks before, a divinity in the person of one Miss Amizetta Atkins crossed his path, since which time John had been acting as if he were mildly insane. Customers at the store often found it necessary to waken him from a blissful reverie when they wished to be waited upon, at which he would jump and blush, and in a confused manner ask if he could show them anything. Many times, in his embarrassment, he had mistaken salt for sugar, and once even weighed a large potato when the customer called for a pound of butter. His employer, who had long regarded John's propensity for yellowback literature with suspicion, began to keep a sharp eye on the cash drawer, expecting to waken some morning to find that his erstwhile clerk had turned bandit, when all at once the detective stories were abandoned, and John borrowed a volume of poems, over which he pored by the hour, leaving his employer com-

pletely mystified. Feeling that he had done his clerk an injustice, he offered him a week off, also a horse to ride to camp meeting if he wished to go; so John, knowing that his fair one would be there, gratefully accepted, and set out for the camp ground with a heart full of joyous anticipation.

As he had allowed the procession to pass him in order that he might think of his divinity undisturbed, it was with a sense of disquietude that he saw a cloud of dust moving in the distance, and was able to discern the figure of a horseman whose outlines seemed familiar; then as they came nearer, the feeling was intensified, for he recognized the traveler as Mr. Underwood, whose dramatic escape from a designing widow he himself had planned and executed some months before. His clothes were looking a little worse for wear, and the crepe band around his hat was growing rusty; but he was the same loquacious widower whose chief topics of conversation, mentioned in order of importance, had been matrimony, good eating, and religion. Recognizing John, he called out to him to stop, and waved his arm with a free, commanding gesture, urging his steed to greater effort, and pounding with both knees on the barrel-like ribs. John drew rein, and waited until his friend caught up with him.

"Why, howdo, Mr. Underwood," said he, extending his hand. "Where did you come from, and how is your health?"

"I'm purty well, consider'n ever'thing, John," returned the widower, warmly shaking the proffered hand. "I'm feelin' consid'ably better than when we last parted, although I hain't attended a protracted meetin' sence."

"Well, well! That's strange. I thought you said you followed them up to kill time and forget your troubles."

"I did, John; that is, I used to; but that 'ere meetin' over at yore place nearly done me up. Hit turned out so dread-

ful the way them old maids and that widder fit an' clawed over me, an' they actually had me shet up in bondage, havin' the rheumatiz an' not able to he'p myse'f. You know ef it hadn't be'n fer you lettin' on like I was crazy an' gittin' me away, the Lord only knows what 'u'd a b'en the end. I hain't never fergot ye, John, an' ef ye ever stand in need of a friend, I'm the one. Well, how's ever'body over there? I guess the meetin' ain't goin' on yit?"

"No, it closed a few days after you left. Mrs. Mays and the Miss Allens were so mad at each other about you that they wouldn't do a thing; and as they were the chief workers, the preacher had to give it up."

"I declare the way them wimmen tried to marry me was a plum show. I thort I wanted to git married, myself, but they made me almost hate the idee. Ain't none of 'em hopped the broomstick yit, I reckon?"

"No, and not anyways near it," was the reply.

"An' that outdoin' little vilyun, Johnnie Mays, is he alive yit?"

"Oh, yes; you couldn't kill that young one."

John was beginning to tire of the conversation, answering briefly and feeling cross because he could not think of Miss Amizetta with that incessant drawl in his ear; but Mr. Underwood continued:

"Well, I declare I never had sech murderous feelin's tow'ds anybody as I had tow'ds that little limb of Satan," said he. "You don't know, John, what a life he led me when I was bed rid at his ma's house with the rheumatiz. Recollect I told you 'bout Miss Allen sendin' me over a waiter full of things to eat an' Mis Mays flingin' it out the winder? Well, that young 'un went out in the yard an' rescued a piece of cherry pie an' come up stairs with it in his hand an' peeped through the door at me a-grinnin'. He knowed I hadn't et

nothin' fer three days, because the messes his ma cooked up fer me would 'a' turned the stummick of a alligator, an' he jest done it to tantalize me. He'll never know how near he driv me to pickin' up somethin' an' smashin' all the wind out'n his body."

"Oh, he's a case, Johnnie is. I don't think his mother'll ever get married as long as he's in the way."

"Did anybody ast you any questions 'bout me after you got me away that night, John?"

"Heaps of 'em. There was a big excitement in the place, and everybody was asking how I managed to get you to the depot by myself."

"John, that was a great scheme of yourn, pretendin' like I was crazy, an' scarin' them wimmen ha'f to death. You said you got the idee out'n them detective books of yourn. I've tried to read some of 'em sence then, thinkin' I mought have occasion to use 'em, an' you know we're commanded by the Scriptur's to be ye also ready; but they was so full of cuttin' an' shootin' an' blood lettin' ginerally, that they made my hair raise, almost. An' more'n that, I had sech awful dreams that sometimes I'd land right out in the middle of the floor at all hours of the night. Do you still read 'em as much as you did?"

"Well, er—no, I don't believe I do, was the reply of the blushing John. "I haven't read much of anything lately. Er, ever been to camp meeting before, Mr. Underwood?" "Many a time, but I hain't be'n there fer a good while. I allus go when I'm a widder; but I never went when Sallie or Mariar was livin'. You see a feller 'at ain't got no wife feels pow'ful lonesome, an' it cheers him up to git out 'mongst good wimmen, an' fill up with the sperrit, to say nothin' of earthly vittles."

"How about the lady you were telling me about that night at the depot? Recollect somebody told you her husband

had fallen off the barn and broken his neck?"

"John," began Mr. Underwood, holding out a limp forefinger in an effort to be impressive, "I never come so nigh makin' a reg'lar fool of myse'f in all my days as I done right there. You see I went home, an' without stoppin' to see any of my folks or nothin', I thort hit was my Christian juty to go on up an' comfert the widder in her afflictions; fer ef the Bible p'int's out anythin' plainer'n that, I hain't found it. An' Mis' Barnett was a good womern, an' one of the best cooks, John, I ever et after, havin' a big farm an' plenty around her. Well, I found her workin' 'round the kitchen lookin' right cheerful, I thort; an' she was pow'ful kind, pressin' me to set down an' have a bite to eat, fer it was jest after dinner an' the table was still standin'. I sot there an' et fer an hour, I reckon, fer you know what a state my stummick was in, havin' enduored starvation fer a week at the hands of that womern who was determined I shouldn't eat nobody's cookin' but her own; so, as I was tellin' John, I et fer a good long while; then after we'd talked about one thing an' another, says I, 'Well, Mis' Barnett, death come to you-all pow'ful sudden. That was an awful axident.' 'That's so,' says she. 'I was awful upshot fer awhile.' 'Well,' says I, 'Heaven is richer fer his bein' there, an' it's comfertin' to know they's others in this world jest as good.' 'Yes,' says she, 'but it will be a long time before he's found.' 'It may sound kind er sudden,' says I; 'but I could fill his place ef you'd let me.' 'W'y, Mr. Underwood,' says she, 'you ain't got the stren'th to do the work on the place. We've got fifteen cows to milk an' feed twice a day, an' seven horses, an' all the farmin' to be done.' I was sorter s'prised, but says I, 'I mought hire a man to he'p me, ye know.' 'Laws,' says she, 'we couldn't afford to keep two

men. Pore Jonas allus done it all hisse'f with Mr. Barnett's he'p. We'll never git another Jonas, I'm afeered.' 'Jonas!' says I. 'Yore hired man?' 'Yes,' says she, didn't you know it was Jonas 'at fell off'n the barn an' broke his neck? Who'd you think it was?"

Mr. Underwood paused, took a chew of tobacco in a deliberate, meditative manner, and seemed to have dropped the subject, when John inquired:

"And what did you tell her?"

"Well, jest between you and me, John," was the widower's reply, "I ain't never ans'ered her yit."

It was not long until they came in sight of the camp ground—a pleasant green valley through which rippled a rocky little creek. The rows of cabins, unoccupied for a year, were being rapidly filled with household goods; the sisters were setting things to rights and unpacking eatables, making ready to entertain the vast crowd, while the brethren gathered about in little groups, discussing crops and commenting upon the possibility of rain. Buggies and wagons were sheltered beneath the trees, and in the fence corners of the long meadow were tied horses of every description, many of which, since this was the busy season of the horse trader, had already changed owners. The man with watermelons for sale was already there, and the peanut and candy venders were doing a thriving business. A tintype artist had pitched his tent, and the bashful maidens, persuaded by their beaux, were having their pictures taken amid much giggling and confusion. The "shed," as was called the big structure wherein services were held, was being swept, and the pulpit and seats were being repaired, while the preachers visited about from house to house, greeting old acquaintances, and receiving numerous cordial invitations.

John and Mr. Underwood rode up, dismounted and tied their horses, then

sauntered toward a group of men near the tintype "gallery." John, in a state of feverish excitement, looked about him, hoping to catch a glimpse of the charming Amizetta, while Mr. Underwood, noticing his nervousness and the ferocious manner with which he bit his finger nails, attributed it to some physical disorder. Finally, seeing his companion turn deathly pale and stare fixedly ahead of him, he grabbed his arm and exclaimed:

"What's the matter, John? You look like you've be'n took with cramps. Let me ast some of these here wimmen for some camphire. They allus carry it to meetin'. Say, miss—"

"Don't say another word," muttered John, hoarsely, as the widower was about to accost a smartly dressed young lady, who, accompanied by a long haired, hypocritical looking young man, was just coming out of the picture "gallery." Then John slapped his hand over the spot where he supposed his heart was located, and further increased Mr. Underwood's concern.

"John," said he in a carefully modulated whisper, "ef it's yore stummick, you'd better let me git ye somethin' fer it. First thing you know you'll be drawed double, with ha'f these wimmen rubbin' an' dosin' ye."

Looking anxiously into his friend's countenance, he saw a sickly smile flit across it, and the next moment John was holding out his hand, and saying with exaggerated cordiality:

"Howdy, Mr. Upson! Glad to see you! Howdo, Miss Amizetta! Been having your pictures taken?"

"Yes, we've just been having them made together," replied the hypocritical looking young man with a smirk. And holding out a tintype encased in a flashy paper cover, he added: "Purty good, don't you think?"

"Fine," replied John with assumed carelessness; then, as they started off, he



finished with an attempt at jocularly. "I reckon two's company, three's a crowd."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Miss Amizetta with a coquettish uplift of the chin; "I don't see why you should say that."

"I was about to forget to introduce my friend," said John, turning around; but to his surprise, he found Mr. Underwood missing.

He walked on a little way, praying devoutly for something to happen to his fair one's escort, and much to his surprise, found his prayer answered by one of the preachers who wished to speak a word in private with Brother Upson.

As soon as John found an opportunity, he asked if he might accompany Miss Amizetta to church that night, only to be informed that she regretted she was already engaged. Could he go with her to prayer meeting next morning? Er, she had another engagement with Mr. Upson. In the afternoon? Well, she would declare, Mr. Upson had already asked her for her company. She blushed, looked confused, and if John had not been so angry and hurt, he would have noticed the tears that trembled on her downcast lashes. But without stopping to ask any further questions, and not even caring what people might think, he pulled his hat over his eyes, turned on his heel abruptly, and walked away. He did not stop until he reached the fence corner where he had tied and fed his horse, and heaving a deep sigh, he was preparing to unfasten the bridle, when he beheld Mr. Underwood also untying his horse, and apparently making ready for flight.

"What's the matter?" both asked simultaneously.

"I've got to git, John," said the widower, looking about him apprehensively. "While ago, I run right plum ag'in that ole maid, Miss Allen, that made out I ast her to marry me durin' that meetin' over at yore place, an' ef

she hadn't be'n so took up with a preacher, kind er lookin' up in his face as ef she expected to see a golden crown sproutin' through his hair, w'y, she'd a knowed me, shore. An' that ain't all, John, ner the wust. I thort I'd sorter forage around an' git me somethin' to eat, when who should I see but that little imp of Beelzebub, Johnnie Mays, a-sellin' peanuts an' lemonade an' hollerin' an' goin' on under a tree over there. I'm shore his ma ain't far away, an' you see ef she finds out I ain't crazy, she'll make me marry her or die in the attemp'; whereas, ef she still thinks it's so, she'll tell it to ever'body on the grounds, an' my reputation'll be ruined. Same way with Miss Allen. You ricollect I told you they was both ready to swear I ast 'em to marry me, when, before my Maker, all I ever said to Mis' Mays was that Johnnie needed a pa to hold him in check, an' onct I told Miss Allen I wished I could eat her pies ever' day of my life. But what's the matter with you?"

Completely crestfallen, and with a heart nigh bursting, John confided his woes to the sympathetic ear of the widower, and when he had finished there was a deep silence between them for the space of a few minutes.

"I'm goin' to he'p ye out, John," said Mr. Underwood at length; "but I dunno jest exactly how. I ain't fergot how you drug me out'n that den of ole spit cats, an' I ain't goin' to turn my back on ye in your time of trouble. John, you jest kind er let me do some Ol' Slooth work myse'f this time, an' I bet I can find out what's at the bottom of this here affair. What's her pa's name—Atkins, Lem Atkins? Used to know him when I was a boy. Married a pow'ful good womern an' a No. 1 cook. I'll jest hunt 'em up an' stop with 'em fer awhile, an' I'll let ye know how I'm gittin' along. May not find out tonight, but I'll root to the bottom of it by tomorrer, shore."

And Mr. Underwood did. Next morning, while they fed their horses, he unbosomed himself of all that he had learned, and informed John that he had fathomed the mystery.

"I jest sorter hunted 'em up, John," said he, "an' they acted pow'ful kind an' up an' ast me to stop with 'em, which you can be shore I done. An' 'twan't long until I hearn the whole thing. The old folks air to blame fer it, an' it's all because you ain't a perfesser an' a church worker like this here feller Upson. He's dreadful religious, prays in public, an' says he has hearn the voice of the Lord callin' him to preach."

"Guess it was his old daddy out callin' the hogs," muttered John, spitefully.

"I shouldn't be s'prised; but ye see he's be'n workin' with Miss Amizetta, tryin' to git her converted an' so on, an' the old folks think all creation of him. You're a stiddy sort of a feller, John, but you're not of the shoutin' kind, an' the old man is a pow'ful believer in that. It takes six men to hold him when he gits happy, an' the old lady is a big shouter herself. I've be'n thinkin' that maybe ef you was to shout a little, it wouldn't do no harm, an' mought work wonders."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed John bitterly. "What on earth have I got to shout about when she treats me this way?"

"Well, it ain't her fault, an' ef you could jest talk it over with her, you'd find it so; but, John, I hearn 'em talkin' last night, an' they ain't goin' to give you a chance to say nothin' to her. They say you'll keep her from gittin' religion. They ding dong at her all the time about it, an' I b'lieve they've got her in the notion of goin' to the mou'ner's bench tonight."

"They have?" said John, brightening as if suddenly inspired with a new idea. "Then I'll be jumped if I don't go too!"

Mr. Underwood looked at his young companion quite a while, being slow of comprehension, then, the situation

dawning upon him, he said impressively:

"John, you've got a lawyer's head on you, an' no mistake."

So that night, when the meeting began to grow exceedingly warm, John watched his adored, and when he saw her being led by two good sisters to the mourner's bench, which was filled with weeping penitents, and while the delighted Mr. Upson now directed his attention elsewhere, he went forward hastily and voluntarily and plumped himself down beside her.

"Amizetta," whispered he, hurriedly, "for the sake of mercy, tell me if you love me!"

"Y—yes, John," she returned, faintly.

"Great kingdoms, Amizetta, will you have me?"

"Y—yes, I reckon so, John."

"Glory hallelujah!" shouted John, springing to his feet and upsetting the whole bench of mourners, all of whom jumped up and began shouting at once.

Then followed a scene of enthusiasm rarely equaled even at camp meeting. Amizetta's father, an old timer, tall, lank, with bushy hair and beard, got happy and fell back into the crowd in a heedless fashion, stamping wildly with his cowhide boots, and sweeping both arms around like windmills, for all the world resembling an amateur on his first pair of skates. There was a general hand shaking all over the house, and even old Uncle Hiram Jacobs, who had gone to the mourner's bench regularly for the past twenty years, was suddenly converted, and fetched a pentup shout that fairly shook the boards on the roof.

Next to the happiest man there was Mr. Underwood, who although keeping in the background as much as possible, could not resist a golden opportunity which presented itself. Passing by Amizetta's long faced suitor he exclaimed: "Oh, brother, ain't ye happy!" and slapped him on the back so hard that Mr. Upson fairly yelled.

Completely tired out, the widower sought his couch after an hour or so, and next morning when he awoke it was broad daylight. Hearing voices below him which sounded strangely familiar, he crept out to the edge of the loose planks which formed the rather insecure upstairs of the Atkins cabin, and peeped over. There, at the table with their hostess, sat Mrs. Mays, the designing widow, and the two Miss Allens, of all people on earth those he most dreaded to meet!

"You could have knocked me over with a feather when Mr. John came through last night," Mrs. Mays was saying as she passed her coffee cup back to be replenished. "Just half a cup, please; oh, that's too much! But I certainly was glad, for I've talked to him on the subject many a time. The dear young man, to think of all the trouble he saved me once."

"Me, too," sighed Miss Allen with fervent gratitude.

"Ma," said Johnnie Mays, choking down a tremendous mouthful in order to speak. "I saw that old crazy feller here last night—him er his ha'nt, one er t'other. Bet I did. Kin I have another flapjack?"

"Johnnie, I'm ashamed of you. You've had too many now. Where'd you see him? The idea! I'd like to see him! If I had him here, I'd—"

What she would have done she did not say, but next moment gave ample illustration; for the plank tilted, and Mr. Underwood, with a mighty yell, was flung precipitately down upon the breakfast table, breaking everything on it, and scattering dishes and eatables in every

direction, while everybody fled shrieking except poor Johnnie, whose head caught the full effect of the falling plank, but who recovered sufficiently after a few moments to seize and devour the rest of the pancakes. Mr. Underwood hastily mounted and left, but not before he and John had a heart to heart five minutes' conversation, during which John informed him that everything was "all right," and he must come to the wedding, which would be Christmas, if nothing happened.

"I'm shore the Lord'll fergive me fer my part in this, John," said the widower, shaking hands at parting; "fer marrying an' givin' in marriage is specially spoke of in the Scriptur's; an' havin' had two good wimmen myself an' hopin' fer a third, I felt it my juty to he'p you out the best I could. You know, John, from the way you've seen me work in meetin's, that I'm a devout believer. an' I hain't done nothin' 'at was unreligious in this matter, least ways I didn't mean to. Farewell, John. Tell 'em all goodbye fer me up at the Atkinses. Tell 'em I was 'bliged to leave, an' say, John" he leaned over the saddle, "I declare, I dunno what you'll have to tell them wimmen this time, but I don't doubt you'll fix it all right. I almost wisht that plank had knocked 'em all flat, but I reckon sech feelin's is sinful. Well, I'm goin', but you can look out fer me at the weddin', fer I tell you yer ma-in-law's the best cook I nearly ever et after. Ef the old man was to ever break his neck in one of his shoutin' spells,—but, Lord, what am I thinkin' about? Goodby!"

And the widower cantered briskly away, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

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"If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. \* \* \* A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have the 'education of a gentleman'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect."—HERBERT SPENCER.

# The Old Home Place

By *WALTER BIDWELL*

IT was in 1880. Lying west of the Mississippi was a vast agricultural region, treeless and desolate in places, but on the whole abounding in marvelous natural resources and of inconceivable fecundity. This country was being settled. And having been bombarded for several seasons with flaming reports of the easy manner in which wealth was acquired in this section, coming in the form of daintily prepared pamphlets, interspersed with colored plates, which set forth in brilliant language the superior advantages to be had there, Mr. Norton yielded to these influences and concluded to go West. He was not satisfied with the home place; that much was sure. Having inherited this property and lived upon it since boyhood, he had known thoroughly no other; therefore, if this place had advantages they were not commended to his appreciation by reason of experience with less favored tracts of land; moreover, the disadvantages, already noted, were naturally enlarged upon when compared with the highly colored reports from other sections of the country.

But Mr. Norton's desire to go West met with considerable opposition on the part of Stephen, the elder of his two boys. He pronounced his father's conclusion premature and ill advised. And as a further damper to his father's desires, he declared emphatically that he, for one, would not go.

However, Stephen was not in a position to judge impartially. About two miles down the country road, where a clump of trees shaded an emerald lawn, was a girl on whom he had set his affections. And this girl being a sort of lodestone to Stephen, it was not difficult for him to convince himself that it would

be for his advantage to remain right where he was. The other two children, Beatrice, a girl in her teens, and Henry, a determined, virile young man, full of life and expectation, were more submissive. They did not object to their parents going West, and their ideas of personal advantage were heartily in accord with their father's. So, in time, the old home place was sold and the household goods were packed ready for departure. Stephen was to continue on the place as a laborer until the time that he and the girl of the emerald lawn should set up housekeeping together.

It was a fine Spring morning and the sun was beating down upon the Michigan hills, when Stephen drove his parents to the station. He felt that they were making a mistake and he did not hesitate to express himself accordingly. But Mr. Norton was determined; and, encouraged by the support of his two other children, he rode grandly away, defying nature, even Providence, to interpose any serious obstacle to his settlement in the West. Meantime Mrs. Norton, endowed with some kind of prophetic knowledge, looked askance at this new adventure. And as they turned the corner of the road which shut from view the old home place, she looked back with considerable melancholy, feeling that she was leaving a place where fate had dealt kindly with her and going to one where the vicissitudes of climate and the hardships of a new, unbroken country would work havoc upon her health if they did not, indeed, claim her life as one of their many victims.

The price of the old home place was exchanged for a piece of land in central Nebraska; and it was a large piece, too, for Mr. Norton had read how successful

farming in the west was done on an extensive scale, and he reasoned that the more land he secured the sooner would his hopes be realized, his acquisition of great riches become a fact. He and Henry set about to plant to corn all of the land which had been under cultivation the year before and to break other land that the total acreage might be as large as possible. And the prospects were bright enough in the early part of the season; the corn grew with marvelous luxuriance, spreading large green leaves out over the sandy soil and attaining great height. But just as the tassels were flung to the breeze and silk began to form on the ears the sky became brazen and out of the south came a hot wind, sweeping steadily over the land and scorching vegetation with the fiery intensity of a furnace. Everything indoors was overlaid with a coat of dust and the weary wayfarer came out of the wind, his face burning by reason of contact with the grains of sand which were constantly driving northward, cutting like bits of steel. The leaves of the corn curled and became perfectly white; when pressed between thumb and finger they fell apart like a bit of papyrus taken from the recesses of a pyramid, when first exposed to the air. The kernels lost their milk and adhered so closely to the cobs that when Mr. Norton pulled back the dry husks they presented an ironical appearance, reminding him of the full ears of corn in Michigan—laughing sarcastically at his failure. Then suddenly out of the West came a fire, roaring and crackling, darting this way and that, lapping up what little substance the hot winds had left. The wheat stubble was consumed, the fields of corn were completely devastated and the prairies were left perfectly black, save here and there where smouldered a bit of foreign substance—monuments to the rapacious, all devouring flames. And when autumn came there was not enough

rough feed in the country to last the stock till Christmas!

But Mr. Norton was determined; he had not come out here to be driven back by one season's failure; he felt, like Napoleon; that "defeat" was a word found only in the lexicons of knaves and fools. So when Spring came he mortgaged the farm to meet incidental expenses and to buy enough seed wheat to sow the whole place. He was going to reverse the situation; for he had noticed the year before that those who had sown largely to wheat had been quite successful. And, as before, the early part of the season gave promise of an abundant harvest: fair weather clouds floated tranquilly through the sky and the streams ran full to overflowing with water. Everything grew rapidly, magnificently. But just when the wheat began to head and the corn was still young and juicy a rumor as of a plague or a sudden call to arms began to agitate the country. "Chinch bugs were appearing!" ran the report. This did not signify much to those who were new in the land, but to old timers it portended bare fields and empty granaries; an autumn of inconceivable hopelessness; a winter lean and black, of biting, despairing poverty.

One morning when Mr. Norton went out to examine his wheat he found one side of the field literally covered with a squirming, crawling mass. And notwithstanding every expedient had been exhausted by others he began to blow up portions of the field; to throw lime, ashes and vitriol water on other portions; and he even went to the extremity of sending to a much-advertised agricultural college for diseased bugs with which to infect the pest; but all to no avail. The black mass moved on over the field, slowly, inexorably, covering the plowed ground with no apparent inconvenience; a thing that was always eating yet never satisfied, a monstrosity with an absolutely insatiable appetite.



And in several days the field was bare and the Nortons, like many others, were destitute.

Nevertheless, Mr. Norton remained on the farm, sustained by unwavering faith in the soil which produced so abundantly, even though the enemies to the harvest were great.

He managed in some way to support his family, and when winter came, with a little assistance from without and by the judicious use of twisted hay, corn and sunflower stalks for fuel, he protected his family against the cold winds which sweep so pitilessly over the barren steppes of Nebraska, forcing the mercury down into the bulb and freezing stock in their tracks. In the early Spring another loan was secured and the place was planted to wheat and corn. Mr. Norton and Henry worked earnestly, courageously, desperately. Everything possible was done this time to insure a crop; for it was known that another failure would be irreparable, carrying with it the final loss of the place. But in the very midst of the season's work, when the crops were in the greatest need of care and when help, by reason of its scarcity, was the most valuable, Henry took sick. For several weeks there was no apparent change in his condition; then the fever became more pronounced, his tongue grew black and began to swell and early one morning, as father and mother and only sister were gathered about the bed for the last farewell they suddenly discovered that his pulse was gone—the spark of life had fled.

Mr. Norton's courage fell. His only substantial hope in life, embodied in his son, had been wrested from him. He was like an old man tottering slowly down the incline of life who is suddenly deprived of his staff; and he fell to the earth like a crushed reed.

"Mary," he said, as he talked matters over with his wife on the veranda one

evening, "I'm discouraged. I feel that everything's goin' to th' dogs. I didn't, I really didn't know that I was dependin' so much on Henry."

"Poor Henry!" his wife said consolingly.

"It was so hard to get along then, an' now that he's gone—well, there are so many expenses to meet."

"An' them air big debts, too," she said, thinking of the mortgages.

"Yes, two of them." Mr. Norton always made this plain—there were two of them.

"Well, what are we goin' to do, William?"

"I don't know."

Mrs. Norton studied. Finally she said: "I do. I know what we'll have to do."

Her husband raised his eyes inquiringly.

"Go to Kansas with th' rest o' th' failures."

Early in autumn, Nebraska began to lose her citizens. A great and unprecedented exodus had set in, and with few exceptions, the emigrants all moved southward. Kansas served as a sort of an asylum for these; in cases, however, only temporarily, for there was considerable talk of the opening of a part of Oklahoma—a rumor which proved in time to be well grounded. Mr. Norton had a public sale during which he disposed of his farm implements, most of his stock and part of his household effects. Bundling what he had left into a wagon, he stretched a bit of canvas over the top and drove southward. The prairie schooner moved slowly, painfully, over barren hills, by long dusty roads, threading at times the dry, wooded course of a stream, ever moving southward until in a sheltered valley, about ten miles north of Wichita, where natural advantages guaranteed at least a measure of prosperity, it stopped and the occupants, alighting, commenced to look

about for a favorable location. With the net proceeds from the sale Mr. Norton bought a house and thirty acres of land adjoining a small town, paying about one-third in cash and giving a mortgage for the balance due.

This was in 1887. Times were good. Money was thrown freely about upon the streets; drinking and gambling were universal. It was more difficult to lend than to borrow, for the simple reason that credit, being unlimited, no one wanted any more money than was actually demanded by the necessities of the day. The country was just entering upon that period of inflation which, for absolute recklessness and utter disregard of the day of payment, has had no parallel in the history of civilized nations. Mr. Norton found it an easy matter, by devoting himself somewhat to gardening, to subsist comfortably on the bit of land he had bought. He began again to assume the airs of a prosperous farmer. He gave liberally to church and public enterprises, signing notes whenever he could not pay in cash; and he became, in time, an immensely popular man. He was almost universally referred to with respect and consideration. Meantime no interest was paid on the mortgage, and save for the intervention of the holder thereof, the Norton place would have been transferred to the delinquent tax list. The fences fell down, the outbuildings dropped slowly, inexorably away and the house, lacking repairs, began to leak. It was bruited about that Mr. Norton was not meeting his obligations. Suddenly there was a change. Norton stock fell flat. It was kicked about upon the streets, worthless. He became, in time, known as "the old man." But the mortgagee, being a lenient man and having confidence in the prosperity of the country, did not foreclose.

The West was just now entering upon the great "boom" of 1890. The price

of property rose with marvelous rapidity, until it had in some towns reached a value, fictitious and temporary, of course, which equalled that of land within the immediate vicinity of New York City. The open country around every village in the West was plotted; corn fields for miles from town were laid out in city lots. Capital flowed in from the East. Large, well fed men with silk hats and broadcloth suits rode about over the country, buying property and in turn surveying their investments. Wichita was the pivotal point of excitement, the hub of the wheel, the center of the maelstrom. Universities, plow works and watch factories were constructed and the actual prosecution of stupendous enterprises within the city limits was of a nature sufficiently great to have done credit to an Old World metropolis of two thousand years standing. A motor line was constructed between Wichita and the small town to the north where the Nortons lived. Cars ran each way every half hour. Farms all along the line were cut up and sold in lots. It required four figures before the decimal to write the value of a single acre of land five miles out from Wichita. There are still living in Sedgwick county hundreds of men who actually expected to see this town attain to a population of one million people long before the close of the century. Mr. Norton was tendered a thousand dollars an acre for his farm; but he, too, having caught the fever, declined the offer with thanks. His credit had again become good, he was again known as a man of honor, esteemed and respected by his fellow townsmen.

At this juncture Norton received five thousand dollars from some source in the East, presumably from the estate of a deceased relative; but he was too deeply engrossed in the absorbing topic of Wichita's immediate future to inquire from whence this increment had come, even to give thanks to his benefactor, if

such a thing could have been done. With the five thousand dollars he obtained control, by making partial payment, of a choice piece of land consisting of about forty acres on University Hill, some distance out from Wichita. Property was still advancing. Six months later he was offered thirtyfive thousand for his equity in the place; but he was holding for fifty. This, with the profit on his garden spot, would, he reasoned, place him in very comfortable circumstances.

Suddenly, however, the bubble burst. The value of property dropped flat. Every one wanted to sell. Men of customary serenity ran wildly about upon the streets, their faces hard and set. They had seen the fortunes of a lifetime suddenly swept away. And when morning came some who, twentyfour hours before, could have drawn their checks for a hundred thousand dollars, were found hanging to the rafters of their barns—dead. Mr. Norton made a frantic effort to dispose of his city property. At first asking a moderate premium, he presently reduced the price until, of the five thousand dollars he had invested, there was scarcely enough left to buy a single meal of victuals. And even at that price he searched in vain for a purchaser. Returning to his home he made an effort to dispose of his garden spot, but prices there had also fallen and he was again a poor man. Moreover, immediately following this period he lost his daughter Beatrice. She had fallen a victim to the malaria of this new country and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, died. He laid her away on a country hillside where the bare prairie, treeless and of indescribable loneliness, sent a chill of terror through his heart.

Returning home, he sat down in the shadow of his woe, completely crushed. His last hope in life had fled. It was not enough that every vestige of property should be wrested from him; a mali-

rious fate was following him closely, taking from him his children, dogging him to his grave. And he was no longer a young man; his strength and vigor had sensibly abated; he had passed the meridian of life; he was growing old. Unmistakable signs of senility were beginning to manifest themselves—the dry skin of his face; a broken voice; a carriage that was slow and labored; uncertain, trembling fingers. And then he thought of his wife. She too was growing old. The hair about her temples was thin and gray. She had, no doubt, had hopes and aspirations; but with blasting unanimity they too had come to naught. Yet she had been so patient, so forgiving, so long-suffering. And suddenly it occurred to him that having taken her away from the only place that she could call home, from where she had been reared and where, quite likely, the associations of childhood had impressed her memory with tender recollections, it was a duty, nay! a positive obligation, to return her thither. But the obstacles—the means of transportation, the breaking of an old man's will, the biting, insufferably bitter admission of final defeat—these things were hard. Nevertheless in this extremity, goaded by a continued, unbroken line of failures, satirically regarded by men less favored in life, who had outstripped him in the race for honor and riches, he turned instinctively to his only child, to Stephen who had advised against his coming West, but who had, notwithstanding, always shown himself kind and considerate toward his father. With trembling fingers he indited a few lines to his son, and without the knowledge of his wife whose protest he feared, mailed the letter. He had not openly asked for assistance nor expressed a desire to return, but under the circumstances it was, he reasoned, impossible for him not to have referred in a covert way to their hardships, to the sleuthlike

manner in which misfortune had dogged their footsteps.

Presently the assistance came from Stephen, and with it an invitation for his parents to return and spend the remainder of their days with him.

"What did you write him?" said Mrs. Norton reprovingly.

"Oh, I told him that you'd got tired of this country and wanted to go back to see one of your old fellows—Hi—Hi Larkin; was that his name?"

"Why, William, I have a mind to thresh you."

"Well, you remember th' road leadin' from th' mill pond along up th' hill to th' old home place?—there are some willows there an' they make rattlin' good whips."

And forthwith Mr. and Mrs. Norton prepared to leave the West.

When they arrived in Michigan and alighted at the home station their son met them at the depot and drove them into the country. As they passed along the old highway, still heavy with yellow clay and lined on either side with a dilapidated rail fence, interspersed with hazelnut and overgrown with blackberry and raspberry bushes, Mrs. Norton remarked:

"Well, I declare, the same old fence!"

"That's so," said Stephen. "Oh, well, this country don't change much—old, settled." And with this he dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

Mrs. Norton was thinking about the time she had traversed this road when a girl, picking berries from the selfsame bushes, this selfsame mud adhering to her feet; and a great wave of feeling, surging up out of the past, swept suddenly over her mind. Later her thoughts ran along down the years to the old home place.

"I wonder how it looks—now," she said, half to herself; then turning to her son, "Say, Stephen, can you take us by th' old place?"

"Th' old place! Oh! Yes, yes, I'll take you that way." He smiled broadly and blandly; then, fearing observation, he turned to the horses and jerked the lines fiercely. "Get up there! Bill—Peter."

Finally Mrs. Norton said, still plunged in grief, "Oh, I've wanted to see the old home place so long. William, why didn't we come back before?"

"W'y, I've looked for you every year lately," interposed Stephen, to the profound relief of his father. "An' when you got that five thousand—honest, dad, what did you do with that money?"

"Oh, I invested that in Kansas wind," he said gaily; and Stephen, grasping the humor of the situation, laughed heartily.

They ascended a hill, coming in view presently of a yard full of pines and evergreens profoundly beautiful in the somber shade of their branches. The old house still stood, somewhat mellowed by time, the rock ribbed sides slightly covered with a growth of ivy—massive, immovable in its position at the head of the farm, as impregnable as a fortress. Back of the house was the barn, large and red, the embodiment of much space and comfort, in places sadly weather beaten 'tis true, but on the whole unchanged through all the years gone by. And stretching out to the right and left was the orchard, the trees grown high and majestic, bountifully laden with fruit.

"Oh, you don't need to stop now," said Mrs. Norton, as the horses of their own will turned in at the gate. "I just wanted to see if it had changed much."

"Well, we'll get supper here anyway," said Stephen, alighting and helping his parents out.

Two boys rushed out of the house, laughing and shouting; but suddenly silenced by the appearance of the strangers, they approached the buggy slowly, hesitatingly, their tongues in their cheeks.

"Here, Joe—Philip!" said Stephen,

"this is gran'pa an' gran'ma. Now don't be backward."

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, still slightly mystified, greeted the children warmly.

"Now boys, buckle to here; unhitch while I take th' folks into th' house."

A girl of twelve stood in the doorway.

"This is Holly—Hollyhock, we call 'er, an' in there's Ann;" then, entering the house, "An' this is what we call home!"

Mrs. Norton, with tears streaming down her haggard, careworn face, kissed the girl and then her mother. "Oh I'm so glad!" was all she could say.

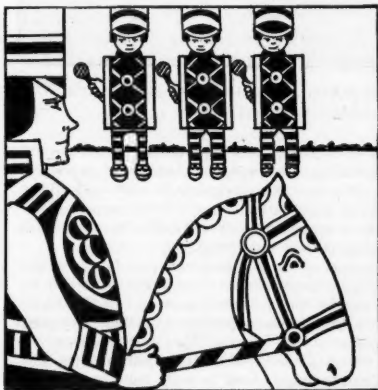
"Now mother, take off your duds. An' dad—Oh, yes, I didn't tell you that I bought back th' ol' home place awhile ago. An' you can still boss, if you want to; th' kids an' I'll russle about

an' work for you. But you'll have to keep a good hickory hangin' about som'ers, fer we don't al'ays mind first rate."

But Mr. Norton, overcome by the profound pathos of things, slipped out of the house, went to the barn and passed silently by the boys who were stabling the horses, and beyond the row of grain bins, beyond the spacious center, where he had often wielded the flail, beyond the driveway which extended entirely through the barn. He entered the cow stable where he had formerly sat on a winter morning, milking the cows, and kneeling down before the manger, one hand on the old feed box, he lifted his heart to God and silently, reverentially, thanked a beneficent Providence for having at last returned him to the home of his boyhood.

## THE ZIGZAG MOTHER GOOSE

PICTURES AND VERSES BY A. L. JANSSON



YOUNG KING COLE

Young King Cole had a warlike soul  
So he called for his drummers three;  
He called for his sword and he called  
for his casque,  
And away to the wars rode he.



ROBIN HOOD

A very bad boy was Robin Hood;  
He did today what no boy should:  
He jumped right over the garden wall  
And shot an arrow at my best doll.



## Cabin Boy to Millionaire

Sir Alfred Lewis Jones, a Self-made Nobleman, and the Part He Takes

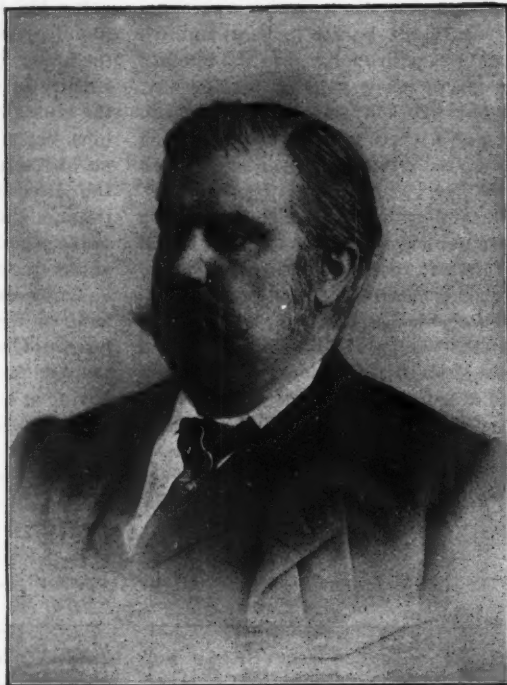
WHEN the Prince of Wales, who was then the Duke of York, returned from his tour of the world about a year ago, he made a speech in the Guildhall that contained one notable or at least quotable sentence. It was, "Wake up England!" It was not a particularly original remark. The newspapers of all shades of opinion had been raising the same cry for months, lamenting the success of the so-called "American invasion" and calling on the English business men and manufacturers to arouse themselves and grapple with the situation. But the words coming from the heir to the throne were a very different matter. Royalty is the real thing in this tight little isle and the whisper of royalty will be heard and heeded when mere common sense might shout itself hoarse without a single auditor. Perhaps all the credit should not be given to the Prince of Wales, though his words were echoed and reechoed by the press and from every other quarter. But the fact remains that England is waking up.

She is a pretty sound sleeper at that, is Britannia, and no one on our side of the water need look for an immediate miracle of activity. But it is just as well to have an eye on what your opponent is doing in any game, and England is, after all, our great commercial opponent, with Germany only second in spite of her recent enormous advance.

The National has touched on a very live issue in urging an extension and improvement of our governmental system of commercial intelligence. Such improvement is going to prove more and more imperative each year as the commercial war of the world grows fiercer. It is therefore interesting to note some things which are being accomplished over here in the line of commercial regeneration that are certain sooner or later vitally to affect the United States. To do this it will hardly be necessary to chronicle the recent work of more than one man to show that the awakening is genuine and apt to be widespread.

That man is Sir Alfred Lewis Jones. Probably few readers of the National have ever heard of him. Yet Sir Alfred is one of the strong men of Great Britain, one of the at present small group with whom we will have to reckon in the war of trade. About forty years ago he was a cabin boy on one of the Elder-Dempster liners. Now, when not far on the shady side of fifty, he is the senior partner of the Elder-Dempster firm, president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, president of the Liverpool Ship Owners' Association, consul for the Congo Free State in Liverpool and the live force in a number of other commercial enterprises that need not appear in this record. He is a confidant of Chamberlain. I want to write more at length of Chamberlain some other time, but he is another of the men over here who will bear watching by the business world. There has been a good deal of fun poked at Chamberlain by the newspapers: but for all that he is the only business man in the present cabinet, and he has ideas, which is not a common complaint among the chiefs of the party in power.

One of the colonial secretary's ideas is the development of what Andrew Lang has so aptly termed Greater Britain. It is the Imperial Idea on a business basis. It is the idea which Cecil Rhodes lived—and died. It is the idea which dominates the very best of Kipling's poetry. And it seems one of the very hardest ideas to drive into the mind of the average Englishman. There is a very good weekly paper over here that religiously heads its editorial column, "*What do they know of England who only England know?*" Truly, very little. And yet there are immense possibilities in the Empire, as distinguished from the United Kingdom.



SIR ALFRED LEWIS JONES, A MILLIONAIRE SHIP OWNER WHO  
BEGAN AS A CABIN BOY.

By James W. Mitchell

## in Developing British Resources Against American Competition

Chamberlain wants to develop those possibilities, and Jones is one of the men he is using and who is glad to be used. Now here is a little of what they have recently done.

The idea of the progressive commercial party—which has not yet reached the point of being spelled from the upper case—is to make the Empire self supporting. For an empire with colonies under every parallel of latitude this does not seem to be a very startling proposal. But to the British insular mind it seems at present "impracticable." That word covers a multitude of questions that vex one's mind over here. It is the answer to every proposal for reform, from the abolition of tips to the remodeling of the customs. Free trade is a fetish which Chamberlain wanted to smash at the colonial conference held at coronation time. His idea and that of a good many other live Englishmen was that a customs tariff union between the colonies and the mother countries would foster imperial trade and manufactures and would force the empire to provide its own raw material in one corner or another of its vast possessions.

That appeared simple enough; and to an outsider it seems a funny idea of free trade which is cherished over here, an arrangement that lets anything but tobacco and spirits into the United Kingdom free and yet brings England nothing in exchange because of the tariff walls around our own and many other countries. However, the Imperial Tariff Union idea was debated at some length in the secret meetings of the colonial conference and was dismissed as "impracticable."

Failing this method of forcing development, the Chamberlain party, as it may be called, though it really has no official name nor existence, has fallen back on the idea of simply doing things to show that they can be done. And Jones is giving the street bred Englishman some healthy lessons in the self supporting theory of empire. He has aroused the north-of-England cotton manufacturers to the point of trying to free themselves from dependence on the American cotton crop. He has sent out hundreds of tons of American and Egyptian cotton seed and had it planted in all the West African colonies. He has even hired American experts to go there and teach the natives cotton growing. The results of the experimental plantings have been excellent. The climate is suitable, labor cheap if the blacks can be induced to work at all, and the area open to cultivation is limitless. The government has arranged for the free transport of all the cotton thus grown to the doors of the English mills. The first shipment of this new cotton reached Manchester early this year and sold above the price of "American middling." The supply will be insignificant for some time to come; but the British Cotton Growers' Association has expressed its belief that the West Coast will in the future wipe out the American export trade in raw cotton. What Jones is doing for the West Coast in the cotton line another of the strong men of the Empire, Lord Cromer, is doing in Egypt, where the natives already are among the best producers of cotton in the world, and where the great Nile dam, now just opened, is going to add millions of acres to the arable land available.

Dropping cotton for the moment, we can take tobacco, for which an immense field has been opened by the South African war. The same process of development is being carried on there that has already proved successful with cotton on the West Coast. "Boer tobacco" is already on the London market, principally as a curiosity so far. But experiments are being carried on with the American varieties and South Africa promises in the not very distant future to become an important source of supply for the raw leaf that is now so largely drawn from the tobacco belt of the United States.

Some of the highest grade iron ore has just been discovered in Rhodesia, where the fields exist in apparently unlimited quantities, and coal has been discovered and is being exploited within commercial distance of these fields and of the Transvaal gold mines along the upper waters of the Zambesi.

Wheat is just now one of the live topics in the English commercial world. The mother country is just beginning to realize the possibilities of the great Canadian northwest as a wheat raising country. The Canadian Office has just established a separate department of immigration in London and is straining every nerve to attract the best class of settlers to the new wheat belt. It is the dream of the new progressives to transform this great new country into the granary of the Empire.

Sir Alfred Jones, through his steamship lines, is actively helping this Canadian development. The Elder-Dempster line recently sent out a single vessel with 3,000 settlers for the Canadian wheat belt and another boat with a similar or larger colony aboard will sail in the course of a few months. The Canadian railway lines and the British Canadian steamship companies are cooperating to export emigrants and import grain at the cheapest possible rates. The men who are interested in this movement are also largely identified with making the great Nova Scotia iron and steel works successful in supplying the deficiency now occurring through the rapidly diminishing iron mines of the United Kingdom.

Jamaica is another of the scenes of Sir Alfred's activity just now. The island has suffered for years from the most acute commercial depression and the Colonial Office has engaged Jones as a sort of commercial physician to do things to it. The Elder-Dempster line has within the past two years established a direct line of fruit steamers which land the tropical products of the island direct on the London market. Now Jones is preparing to make the Americans help him in the revival of Jamaican prosperity by turning the island, which is really one of the most beautiful and delightful places in the world, into a great American winter resort. You will doubtless hear more of this very soon, for Sir Alfred is spending thousands of pounds in refitting the biggest three hotels in the island and has started a campaign that will at least make Jamaica better known in the States, whether it reaps the expected harvest from American tourists or not.

The foregoing instances serve to indicate how England is beginning to "wake up."

# An Adirondack Pilgrimage

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS



JOHN BROWN.

THE recent proposition to give the John Brown farm to some reliable person who will care for it properly, recalls vividly to my mind our first visit to that spot. We had never been in the North Woods before and were not a little surprised to find anything of historic interest here. In this we were not alone, for many who know all the details of that mad exploit at Harper's Ferry have never heard that John Brown's home and last resting place are at North Elbe, New York, only three miles from the popular summering place, Lake Placid.

It was a beautiful mountain day when, like Bunyan's Christian, we decided to "go on pilgrimage." There had been a rain the night before and great masses of cumulus clouds were piled bank upon bank, now throwing a gauzy pennant across White Face's rugged summit, now chasing their shadows over the lower peaks that stood out sharp and blue

against the sky. August in the mountains is not the languid, drowsy month of the lowland. The air tingles like an electric current and charges one with energy and enthusiasm. We scorned a carriage and set out on the three-mile walk, like true pilgrims with only our staves.

We followed the road up hill and down, passing the hotels with their scarlet dotted golf links; dreamy Mirror Lake, true to its name reflecting mountains, trees and sky; the prosaic little village of Newman, looking even more work-a-day in contrast with its gay neighbor of the hill, and at last reached the open country. From here our way lay along a quiet country road. From the fields came the tinkle of a cowbell and the grasshoppers rose before us in merry swarms. Just over the fence was a blueberry pasture, the hardy little bushes hanging full of ripe berries, while among them gleamed a wonderful variety of fungus growths, those uncanny blossoms of the autumn woods whose gorgeous scarlets and



"A SIMPLE SLAB."

yellowes rival the goldenrod itself. At length we came to a brown mountain brook and stopped to drink and rest. It was so clear that the stones in its bed looked as if set in amber, and violets grew thick on its bank. "Just picture it in Spring!" I exclaimed. "Yes, think of the trout fishing!" said my fellow traveler. Reluctantly we took up our staves and resumed our journey, but we had nearly reached the end. Five minutes more of brisk walking along a typical mountain road and we were at the summit of the hill and found ourselves, at last, overlooking the John Brown farm.

It was a wonderful view that was thus

suddenly disclosed. Before us for miles lay the Au Sable valley, with the river weaving in and out like a silver ribbon; beyond, range upon range of mountains in ever widening circles of amethyst, topaz and sapphire; while-at our feet, set like a ground bird's nest in the midst of green pastures, stood the little wood-colored house just as its owner left it fortyfour years ago.

Here John Brown came in 1845 to establish a colony of negroes, or, some say, a last station for his underground railway. Here he lived a simple, industrious life with his children about him, until in 1854 he followed four sons to Kansas to take part in the border



"A LITTLE ROOM JUST AS ITS OWNER SAW IT FOR THE LAST TIME"

warfare that was the forerunner of the "irrepressible conflict." Here he returned in 1858, but left two sons behind. The covenant had been sealed with blood and henceforth he lived with one purpose, to liberate the slave. Here through the long winter of 1858 he read his Bible and brooded and planned. Here he heard, or believed he heard, the message that came to the prophet of old: "I will send thee that thou mayest bring forth my people;" and from here he went forth, like Moses, to lead a captive people to a promised land that he himself was never to see.

Everything is kept as nearly as possible as he left it. Some years ago, that big-

hearted woman, Kate Field, while visiting this locality, discovered the neglected condition of house and grave and determined to buy the whole farm, so that it is due to her that it has been preserved at all. She interested others in the project, and the property was purchased by what was known as the Kate Field Association. In time it seemed best to make it a public trust, and accordingly the association deeded it to New York state, making it a part of the Adirondack reserve. This experiment has not proved a complete success on account of the difficulty of finding a suitable caretaker. Vandals have clipped the stones and uprooted the flowers, until the association feels that some change of management is necessary if the place is to be preserved.

At the time of our visit, the caretaker was an old man whose resemblance to John Brown was often noted. He showed us John Brown's study, a little room, ten by ten, carefully preserved just as its owner saw it for the last time. His table, his desk and his chair are in their accustomed places, and in the frame of the mirror that was wont to reflect his rugged, kindly face, a photograph taken just before starting on that fatal journey looks down on the crowd

of jostling, chattering pleasure seekers. The day we were there, there were perhaps a dozen other visitors. As they strayed in and out, the caretaker repeated in a monotonous singsong:

"So he left here in July, 1859, with three of his sons and went down to Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and rented a farm there. The night of the sixteenth of October they seized the arsenal—"

"Just five of them?" interrupted a listener.

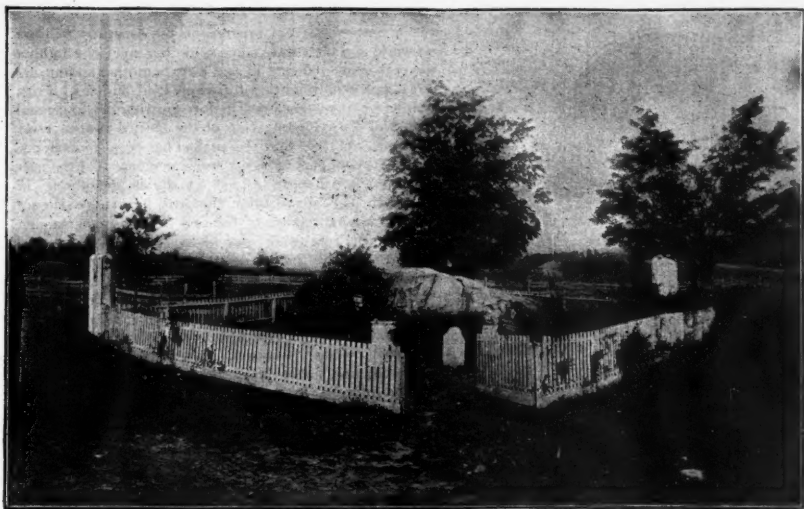
"Oh no! there were twentytwo there, sixteen white men and six negroes," explained the old man, and then, dropping his voice to the old cadence, "and they cut the telegraph wires and stopped the trains. Then the governor ordered out troops and they took them all prisoners, 'cept those they killed. Three sons and two sons-in-law were killed there, or murdered so they died. They took John Brown to Charlestown, Virginia, to try him and he was convicted and hanged December 2. His body was brought back here and buried, at his own request, with his feet toward the 'J. B.' he himself cut in the big boulder out in the yard."

It was a meager outline, told without a thought of rhetorical effect, but it took hold on my imagination. The homely



"THE LITTLE WOOD-COLORED HOUSE"





THE ENCLOSURE AT THE EAST OF THE HOUSE

little room with its bare furnishings suddenly became close and I hurried to the door. The visitors were already turning to the enclosure at the east of the house, where a white picket fence encloses a gigantic granite boulder and three mounds of earth. Two are comparatively recent, the third grassgrown. The gate was unlocked; we passed in and stood by the grassy mound. At last we had found what we sought. Here, under the cinnamon roses, sentinelled by Whiteface on the north, McIntyre, Cobden and Marcy on the south, with a simple slab at his head and a fragment of the eternal hills at his feet, "John

Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on."

It was an experience never to be forgotten. The fragrance of the old fashioned flowers,—poppies, phlox and bluebells, rose like incense to that flag that "waves o'er the land of the free." Instinctively the chatter and laughter ceased and every head was bowed. Long we stood in perfect silence, letting the spell of the place sink deep into our hearts. We were no longer idlers, tourists, pleasure seekers. We were citizens of the United States, patriots, yes, if you will, devotees, for this is indeed a shrine and we—pilgrims to a martyr's tomb.

### SHUT NOT YOUR DOORS

*Shut not your doors to me proud libraries,  
For that which was most lacking on your well-filled shelves, yet needed most, I bring,  
Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,  
The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything,  
A book separate, not linked with the rest nor felt by the intellect,  
But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page.*

WALT WHITMAN

## OUR ARMY AND NAVY



REAR ADMIRAL RIXEY

possible event of war. The new body consists of one chief of staff and two general officers, "all to be detailed by the president from officers of the army at large not below the grade of brigadier general," and a number of other officers of subordinate rank. The selection of the principal officers of the general staff is made by the president, with the single exception of Gen. W. F. Randolph, chief of artillery, who is a member ex-officio. The first chief of staff will be Major General S. B. M. Young, who is to succeed General Miles as lieutenant general. The other two general officers will be Major General H. C. Corbin, adjutant general of the army, and Brigadier General Tasker H. Bliss of the war college. Associated with them are four colonels, six lieutenant colonels, twelve majors and twenty captains. As indicative of the trend of policy in the United States army it may be noted that every one of the officers selected for this important new duty is a graduate of West Point, and every corps and department of the service is represented in the personnel, except, of course, the pay and medical departments. It will be appreciated that the occupant of the newly created position at the head of this all-powerful new organization will be a man of immense influence in our governmental affairs. He will act as adviser to the president and to the secretary of war, as well as to the chiefs of the various bureaus in the war department. The consummation of the general staff plan constitutes a tribute to the earnestness, determination and perseverance of Secretary of War Root. He worked untiringly for the success of his pet project, overcoming by sheer force of his own will the opposition of members of congress who claimed that the project was an attempt to Germanize our army. There is reason to believe that Secretary Root would long ago have resigned his place in the cabinet and returned to the legal practice which so urgently demands his personal attention were it not for his great ambition to complete the labor of love found in placing the American army upon a thoroughly modern basis.

**A** NUMBER of important changes have recently occurred in the United States army. Major General Robert P. Hughes, having reached the age of sixtyfour, which marks the limit of service on the active list, was retired and the vacancy in the grade of major general filled by the promotion of Brigadier General Joseph



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF SECRETARY ROOT

G. Breckenridge, inspector general of the army. That officer was in turn immediately retired and so likewise was Brigadier General Marshall I. Ludington, quartermaster general of the army, who had by the same shifting of positions reached the rank of major general. Brigadier General James F. Wade, who finally succeeded to the grade of major general, will hold the position until his retirement in 1907. On the retirement of General Breckenridge, Colonel Peter D. Vroom of the inspector general's department was appointed inspector general with the rank of brigadier general, but he immediately went into retirement, giving the position to Colonel George H. Burton. The retirement of General Ludington enabled

**T**HIS is preeminently the age of progress in the American military and naval world and there have come crowding upon one another of late many events which indicate in one way or another an unusual development of Uncle Sam's fighting forces on land and sea. Probably the most interesting of these new factors contributory to general efficiency is found in the reorganization of the United States Army on a European basis. For all that the subject has been so much discussed of late in the newspaper press, there is evidence that the public at large has a very indefinite idea of the duties and powers of the general staff—the new organization that will begin its existence next August upon the retirement of General Miles as commander. The newly appointed general staff may perhaps be designated as a sort of board of directors of the war department, having control over all its affairs and subject only to the authority of the president and the secretary of war. It will relieve the civilian head of the nation's military establishment of many details of management, the administration of which necessitates a deeper study of military affairs than could be vouchsafed in some instances by a man suddenly lifted from another walk of life; and, finally, the general staff will discharge the important but heretofore somewhat neglected duty of laying out in times of peace detailed and comprehensive plans for use in the always

Colonel Charles F. Humphrey to succeed to the position of quartermaster general of the army. The promotion of General Wade resulted in the successive promotions of Colonels S. W. Groesbeck, Jared A. Smith, Albert E. Woodson, L. H. Rucker, Theodore A. Baldwin, J. B. Rawles, John R. Myrick and W. P. Rogers; but these officers being slated for retirement, the permanent appointment goes to General Peter C. Hains, corps of engineers.

THE office of the quartermaster general is now actively engaged in the herculean task of reclothing the American army, and this work has assumed vastly greater proportions than is ordi-

narly the case, owing to the fact that with the present issuance of clothing to Uncle Sam's fighting men the new uniform is adopted and the old pattern uniform discarded. The issues of the new uniform commence with the organizations returning from the Philippines and the first regiment to be fully equipped with the new articles of clothing will be the Fifth Infantry, which is expected to arrive in New York in August.



MAKING CLOTHING FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY

REAR ADMIRAL P. M. RIXEY, Surgeon General of the United States Navy, and who, by the way, has recently been appointed physician to the president, is urging that the present project to make the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis one of the finest and best equipped institutions of the kind in the world shall embrace plans for the provision of a hospital which will be in keeping with the other improvements. To that end Rear Admiral Rixey will urge an increase of fully \$50,000 in the appropriation for the erection of an ideal naval hospital, equipped with all the latest modern appliances. The improvements at Annapolis will include the expenditure of fully \$10,000,000 in the erection of new buildings. Of this sum nearly \$3,000,000 will be expended upon quarters for the students,—formerly designated as cadets but now classed as midshipmen,—while upward of a million will be devoted to a boat house and armory and a quarter of a million to a gymnasium.

THE United States navy department has, by the acquisition of a site at Guantanamo, Cuba, just added the nineteenth link to a chain of American naval stations that extends around the globe, and similarly, by the selection of Bahia Honda, also in the new island republic, gains its sixteenth coaling depot. With Uncle Sam holding possessions in all parts of the world and with a rapidly increasing navy, the importance of an adequate complement of naval coaling stations is a matter of vastly greater importance than most persons might imagine. At some of our naval coaling stations there are provided facilities for the storage of as much as 12,000 tons of fuel; and best of all, these stations are equipped with new and up-to-date machinery of American manufacture which enables the placing of coal aboard vessels much more rapidly than it can be done at depots of other nations.

THE United States navy department is testing five distinct systems of wireless telegraphy and conducting a thorough trial of a new type of submarine torpedo boat, the Protector, which is different from the Holland type of craft in many respects. At several of our military posts the United States signal corps is seeking to determine the usefulness in warfare of automobiles and captive balloons and the government has only recently decided after a very thorough practical investigation to dispense with the carrier pigeon service, and accordingly the cotes at the various navy yards will be abolished and attention centered on wireless telegraphy and other methods of communication.



TAKING A MESSAGE BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

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By JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY

**W**ELL, Dearborn was back again!

There was no doubt about it, even if the dusty streets of the dusty town were not proof of it. He had gone away for a good time and for the express purpose of forgetting things. The good time had been his undeniably, in a way; but there are things which will not admit of speedy disposal within the confines of forgetfulness, as he had learned to his wonderment. And it was the strange insistence of things he had thought quite dead that had brought him back before he had thought to come. It was nearly two years since Dearborn and his wife had drifted apart, after a brief married experience of a year. To him it had always seemed a matter of incompatibility; as he expressed it, "we looked for and expected too much altogether, and failed accordingly." He thought himself very just in being willing to admit, now, that the major portion of fault had been with him, without reflecting that this frank admission at the opportune time might have spared them both some heartache. But apparently there was no regret on the part of either anent the course events had taken. If there was, the world saw nothing of it; but then the world is readily deceived into believing some things and perhaps it really believed that he and she cared nothing. It had chagrined the man not a little to find his wife after their separation seeming quite contented and cheerful; quite forgetting that his own outward self bore no sign of mental stress. After a week or two of floundering he "had found himself," as he expressed it. That is to say, he had gotten back to his pre-matrimonial rut, with its doubtful allurements and comradeship, and very soon after he had packed up and gone away;

meeting new faces and doing reckless things in quite a feverish fashion under the conviction that he was enjoying himself hugely. And now that he was come back, his heart was telling him that he had been doing nothing of the kind. So that when he was once again within his own home and had been kissed and welcomed by his sisters as though he were the prodigal son come to life, he felt the extent of his delusion as he never had before.

The things he had meant to relate to the family as most exhilarating experiences of his trip fell hopelessly flat. He felt one or two might better have been dispensed with altogether, so different did they seem now; and he was glad indeed when they fell to telling him of local happenings which had transpired in his absence. After a time he ventured (in a most roundabout way as he thought) to ask if they ever saw his wife. Yes, they had encountered her at some public event of the year where she seemed very well, chatted pleasantly and—"Did she mention me?" he asked abruptly, quite unaware of the new note of pain in his voice.

"No!" said his sisters together, with most discouraging unanimity. Its chilling decisiveness quite numbed him. That night he tossed about in restless wakefulness, his mind alive to a hundred impressions blended with unworded regrets. Once he dozed, to awake with a sudden start, for he fancied his wife had called him. It took him some minutes to gather his strayed wits together and remember things were not as they might have been. Even dropping back into his work next day, with its accumulations of a year, failed to blot out the ever recurring insistency of

things. That night he went out and wandered about the town like a lost soul. His accustomed haunts, the club and the crowd jarred him horribly. He felt strangely out of touch with them all, and almost vowed never to go near them again. The mood that was upon him was utterly inexplicable. Nor did he try to explain it. He only knew that a wild craving was rising unbidden to the boundaries of his soul; a craving all the more masterful for its brief repression. For now he knew the memory of his wife had always been with him, though he had so often tried to think it was not.

Aimlessly, and yet instinctively, he found himself wandering out to where she dwelt with her people. How well he knew the little house. A warm, inviting light streamed from the bowed windows. A woman's figure passed in silhouette on the shade and his heart gave a great bound. His soul spoke to him of the many delicious moments he had passed in that very room which seemed barred to him now, like heaven to the damned. There was the vine covered piazza with its dried leaves rustling in the soft October breeze. Once all these things had been as his own. He could walk up there and be greeted warmly by every inmate of the little house. Why did he ever barter the precious privilege? he asked himself hopelessly. Why? For a bit of worthless human pride that stood for nothing but pain! If he were to go to that door now and pull the bell, he felt he could rightly surmise the result. Cold disdain, repulse, perhaps even contempt! For her people no doubt abhorred him. A woman's folks always did. It was quite to be expected they would, he assured himself. He sank his hands deep into his pockets and drew back into the shadows of a nearby porch. It was in the suburban district of the town, with few people to notice the silent man who stared with his soul in his eyes at

the house across the way. Again the silhouetted figure passed on the shade. A moment later the musical notes of a piano fell upon his ear. He knew the touch or thought he did. It was Ruth! A window must have been open, for after a few preliminary chords he heard a sweet, bell-like voice uplifted in plaintive melody:

*"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,  
Are as a string of pearls to me;  
I count them over, every one apart,  
My rosary, my rosary."*

*Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,  
To still a heart in absence wrung;  
I tell each bead unto the end,  
And there a cross is hung!"*

The soft, pleading words of the beautiful ballad fell in trembling cadence upon his ear. It seemed like a prayer in song, and he was in the mood for prayer. Its exquisite beauty stirred him as had nothing for a long time. Was she thinking of him? Was she speaking out her soul's regrets to the brooding night, stripped of all pride and pretence of forgetfulness, or did the words mean nothing to her? After all, she was his wife, and he, her husband. He knew now that he loved her, that he must have her as his own again or go mad. Then the words died away, the lights went out and speedily the house grew as silent as the tomb. But the man kept staring at it for a long time as though the light of his soul had gone out with it. And it was with an effort that he pulled himself together at last and went home.

Next morning if the family noted his haggard face and tired eyes, they wisely made no comment. He was late and missed his usual car. Boarding the next, he hurried in and found a seat, oblivious of possible acquaintances, after the manner of hurried people the world over; it was only when he settled himself in his seat that he discovered his



wife sitting directly opposite. His face paled, then flushed with sudden pleasure as he lifted his hat. But her gaze was so cold that it sent the blood back to his heart with a rush; the next moment she turned and resumed a conversation with a tall, good looking man who sat beside her. Dearborn forgot that a woman is a woman, that she can mask her heart's agony under a cold and even exterior as no other created thing can. He only knew that his heart filled with rage and pain. He could have torn the man limb from limb. The fact that Ruth looked better perhaps than he had ever observed before did not tend to soothe his temper. Her presence there could only mean that she was back at her old profession of teaching. The implied independence of himself as though he had really passed out of her life for good renewed his pain. The look in her eyes almost belied the words of the song of the night before. Could it be she had no heart? The query filled him with disquietude for the rest of the day.

That night he stole out again to the quiet little house in the suburbs and kept lonely vigil in the shadows of the other side of the street. His half formed hope that he might encounter Ruth proved quite vain, however. No light appeared in the front rooms, and at length he went home wearied and sad at heart, to sit in gloomy thought until the night had nearly given birth to day. His hollow eyes and taciturn ways were the subject of family council after his departure that morning. And every cause but the right one was touched upon.

As for him, he saw no more of Ruth for several days, though he tried the different cars. It filled him with the conviction that she sought to avoid him, which made him very miserable. But at the end of the week he did encounter her. That is, he dropped down beside her, quite unaware of the fact for a moment, after his usual fashion. She was

with a group of girl friends, all laughing and chatting gaily. With his arrival, a dread silence fell upon the group, while he, who had been praying for just this fortuitous circumstance, found his tongue suddenly weighted with inanities. He never burned to say more, but it seemed as if coherent speech were denied him. Ruth accepted his commonplace inquiries with no outward show of emotion, but she did not repel him. He hugged the thought to his soul for what comfort there was in it and felt his courage renewed. He determined to make it plain to Ruth how thoroughly resolved he was to waive aside all pride. But his roseate prospects were somewhat dashed next morning when on boarding the car he discovered the other man beside her. A spasm of jealous pain wrenched his heart and fought with an unspoken fear that perhaps he had lost her forever.

The insistence of his heart would not be stilled by any chilling circumstance, however. That night he went out again to the little house. This time the rooms were all alight and two girl friends came to the door and rang the bell. He saw Ruth standing with the light of the hall defining her graceful figure; he even caught her words of welcome as the three stood laughing gaily. There was no sorrowing note in her voice, no memory of him. The door closed, and Dearborn felt like a strayed soul returned to its former abode, only to find itself forgotten and unloved. He closed his lips tightly and clenched his hands, then walked and walked, out of the town into the night, where the trees and the fields seemed to hold whispered converse with things unseen; where swirling drifts of dried leaves came fluttering down upon him; where strange shapes of night darted across his path.

"She doesn't care!" he kept saying hopelessly. "She does not care! She prefers to be as she is! And I love her more, more, than I ever did before!"

Then a frenzy came upon him, and he raved at her heartlessness, her ready forgetfulness, until at last he came to his senses, in a measure, and retraced his steps toward the town. As he passed the house, all was dark and silent, which emphasized anew his banishment.

The days that followed were days of varying misery for Dearborn. Sometimes Ruth's eyes seemed to relent, to wistfully speak things he had almost despaired of attaining. But her outward manner was always cold and self contained. Besides which an insurmountable barrier of constraint seemed to fall upon them both and tie their tongues, whenever they chanced to meet; so that he would utter cold formalities while a flood of hot, impassioned protest surged within him.

The weeks had brought November with its denuded trees and barren landscapes. Dearborn had become a solemn, silent man; a puzzle to his friends, who no longer seemed in touch with him. Looking at the calendar one day brought home the fact that the morrow was Ruth's birthday. That night he brought home a bunch of beautiful red roses, whose glowing beauty provoked comment in the household; but he was enigmatical and would not tell his sisters what he meant to do with them. In truth his purpose had been to send them to his wife, hoping their silent plea for reunion might be more potent than mere words from him. But now he wavered and hesitated, as he had done so often before. Never in his life had he been so timorous of approaching anyone. His pride, though he cursed it inwardly, was still a thing to be reckoned with. When he thought of Ruth's coldness he was ready to fling the roses out of the window; but when he thought of her as she could be, his pride went down before the hunger that was in his heart. Something pleaded for her.

"She is good and true," he mused —

"it is but her outward self that shows cold and unfeeling! Ah, if I could but read her heart! Perhaps, perhaps, it would all be different!" And he fell to wishing that all hearts might be read more easily.

"I, too, have been outwardly cold," he thought with sudden clarity of vision — "if I could only touch her hand, look into her eyes, when none other were by, all this misunderstanding would melt." A sudden determination came to him and he resolved to go to her then; he put on his hat and coat, but turned back to sit down and scrawl a brief note which he tucked away among the roses.

*"I stood outside your window one night and heard you sing. I too can say, 'the hours I spent with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me.' Will you forgive and forget and not spoil both our lives? At eight tomorrow night I will be waiting where the road goes to the river to find if you care."*  
PAUL."

In a brief time he was near the house, where he halted a moment in indecision until he observed that one of the windows facing the street was open. The balmy night explained the circumstance and gave him as well a sudden inspiration. Going up to the window, which was on a level with his head, he thrust the roses through the open space and heard them fall to the floor. Then he hastily withdrew, convinced that no one had seen him.

Next day he looked vainly for Ruth in the car and when evening came hurried to the appointed tryst. Never had his heart beat more anxiously than when he trod the old familiar road. He felt choked and stifled and was conscious of real relief, much as he desired to see her, to find her nowhere in the vicinity. With a strange tumult in his heart he walked on. The road to the river led through a bit of woodland before it

kissed the water's edge. It was a soft, beautiful night. The ghost of the dead summer seemed to have come back to brood in the shivering trees, which, almost bare, save where bunches of yellow leaves, now turned silver, clung about their nakedness, rose straight and spectral like prison bars before the rising moon. The distant river lay coldly still and beautiful as though frozen into a lasting immobility. Strange scents and sounds came to him, born of the night. But the cry of birds, the song of insects, the passing breeze against his cheek, all things that made harmony of the night, passed him unheeded by. For there was only one thought echoing through his brain. She had not come! And never in all his life had the man suffered such keen, heartrending pain. He thought of his life as it might have been but for a little pride. And as it would be hereafter, cold and desolate! All things seemed slipping from him.

"It will damn me," he thought grimly, remembering the things in every man's life that sometimes, by the mere shifting of a straw, swing him into line with the lost. He reached the river, and for a moment felt it tempting him to drift with its tide to lasting oblivion and peace. Then quickly turning about he stumbled blindly toward home, so deep in his own gloomy thoughts that he failed to perceive a figure before him until he was almost upon it. It was a woman, and she was walking from him. The next moment his heart almost stood still, for he saw it was Ruth!

What followed thereafter he could scarcely tell, but of a sudden he was looking down into her eyes, with his arms about her, holding her close, while words poured in a torrent from his lips

as the prison doors of his emotions were loosed.

"Ruth, dear heart! you will never know how I've prayed for this. Tell me you forgive, tell me, tell me you love me. Ah, if you knew of my despair and the horror of it, you would not turn from me." But she struggled and sought to free herself and when he would have pressed his face to hers she turned her own away. Her heart was a battleground of warring emotions, and her pride died hard; but it did die, and with a sudden cry of "Paul! Paul!" she buried her face upon his shoulder in a burst of sobs. And knowing that the good within her had triumphed for all time, he spoke no word but only drew her to himself and kissed her closed eyes and the clustering brown curls about her forehead.

"They said such things about you," she said at length, looking up at him through a mist of tears, "that I grew to believe you did not care. And I was only a woman with nothing but my pride. It was only when you went away that I began to know how I loved you, and then I suffered so, though no one ever dreamed of it. But it is all gone, the pride and the doubt. It died when I found your message last night."

The man looked down upon her. His eyes were shining with the joy that was in his heart. Never in all his life had his soul vibrated to sweeter harmony. He placed her arms about his neck, then pressed upon her lips one long, fervent kiss.

"We will never drift apart again, sweet!" he said softly.

"Nevermore," she whispered. Then they turned, and arm in arm passed down the road together.

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"Until the mass of the people know the right, and desire to do it, neither public ownership, nor any other system, will rid a city of corruption."—*George L. Bolen.*



### THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" AND WAYS ARE OUT OF DATE,—  
WHEN WOMAN WAS CONTENT TO KNIT AND WAIT:  
SHE FARES BESIDE HER MAN IN EVERY ZONE,  
HER HANDS UPON THE LEVERS WITH HIS OWN.



"THE BOY WITH THE ARROW"

This picture, by Douglas Volk, whose work has been referred to frequently in this series of articles, was awarded the Carnegie fund prize for the most meritorious figure painting at the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists in April, 1903. Copyright by Douglas Volk.

"SEEMINGLY a dark outlook for art in this country," said Mr. Abbott H. Thayer; "but I believe the light we all are seeking is about to break."

And quite possibly Mr. Thayer is right. Admitting that present social conditions, as seen by an artist, are ranker than at any previous era in the history of the world, we still are confronted with the plausible theory that whatever any very considerable body of people want, that they generally get. Certain it is that American democracy is acquiring some little liking for the lovely things of life and equally certain that, in spite of numerous disillusionments going along, it will not forever be disappointed.

Go to one of our great museums on a Sunday afternoon—perhaps to the Art Institute in Chicago, the Museum of the Fine Arts in Boston, or the New York Metropolitan museum—and study the crowd. You will unquestionably find there confirmation of your belief not only in democracy, but in the democracy of art. Unpropitious as the stage settings appear to be in these big show places—unlovely structures stuffed with objects never designed to be displayed thus—our workaday humanity repairs to them on its Sabbath holiday almost as eagerly as to a play or a ball game. Long before the noon opening of the Metropolitan you will note little groups of Jewish men and women huddled about the neighboring pathways in Central Park, eagerly awaiting the opening of the doors. All Sunday afternoon through the treasure laden galleries of the Boston Museum the Italian laborers of the North End throng with astonishing frequency, admiring, enjoying. These are the peoples that will be found in our room when our race has completed its suicide; and these will restore the glories of art.

Or again, visit with me a schoolroom in Menominee or Macon. On the walls several masterpieces silently and at her desk a trained teacher with the authority of the living word are imparting to the fresh, retentive minds of children an appreciation, more or less definite, of the value of our art heritage; and, further, we shall witness a lesson in practical application on paper or in clay of childish ideas of form or color. And do not think of this public school art work as something futile and purposeless; a wasting of public money on an educational frill. Let me tell you, as a personal impression, that the work I have seen in the public schools of Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Detroit, Columbus, and other American cities far surpasses in sincerity, and therefore in the most important item of artistic merit, the average of the performances on view in the big exhibitions of the professional artists.

To these educational influences that are creating a widespread love of art add the hundreds of thousands of reproductions of masterpieces, good, bad and indifferent, cheap and expensive, that are finding their way into the homes of all sorts of people; the free lecture systems that have been inaugurated in New York and other cities; the movements for civic betterment and neighborhood beautification—of the sort that has perhaps been most prominently featured at Dayton, Ohio, under the auspices of the big cash register makers of that town—the introduction of art into the churches of almost every denomination:—in view of these and many more manifestations of popular desire for a brighter, merrier America, is it strange that many far-seeing people are looking forward eagerly to an artistic awakening—one like the great Italian Renaissance?

"But the machinery, the sky scrapers, the trolley cars, in the midst of which beauty looks out of place—loses all her freshness and sparkle?"

That is true, too. But as an offset let us take up—though very inadequately—an idea, which we might almost call an art movement since it seems already to be comprehended in its entirety by a few of the clearest thinkers among professional artists and to be big with consequences if once it becomes widely accepted as a vital principle of art and life. There is nothing in the world, you know, greater than ideas, and this is one that is growing. I refer to the proposition of voluntary acceptance of limitations.

Now quite likely this is, as you will say, a new one on you; so that I ought to try to explain it, for I believe it is a principle which if pushed to its logical conclusion, will inevitably create conditions in which great art is possible. Not that the principle itself is anything new or original; it is older than art itself. To establish it, however, as the basis of work in the various arts; to make it apply universally to all art and all life—that surely is something new, and, if it ever becomes popularly realized, startling. At any rate it promises, unless many signs fail, to give the starting point of the next great movement in art. The artists who, as I showed in my first paper, are now furiously busy with all sorts of commissions, rushing off work with the feverish haste that characterizes wooden factory methods, are—the more thoughtful of them—already looking askance at the results of their own strenuous and intelligent efforts. Something is wrong; what is it?



Why, plainly, this: that the artistic profession has got to discover and formulate its own limitations, the conditions under which its practicing members may expect to work profitably and those under which they cannot. The physician could not do his professional duty in a community where no public attempt was made to observe the laws of sanitation and hygiene. The average minister would not be able to preach his most convincing sermon as one of the performers in a vaudeville continuous. Similarly the artist is discovering how useless it is to do his best work for people who will exhibit it amidst surroundings in which its finest qualities will disappear. To execute noble art designed for a definite place you have to presuppose that the place is noble.

Actuated by this feeling, I suppose, a great many prominent painters and sculptors have interested themselves in the municipal art societies that have been growing up in various cities. It has already been seen that from the artistic point of view such a regulation as the one in Boston limiting the height of buildings to 110 feet is one of considerable advantage; and it may be predicted that as time goes on both artist and art lover will become aware, as a few already are aware, that a whole series of limitations have got to be accepted before great or even good art can become as general as it was in the days of Pericles or of the Renaissance. The sky scraper may stay and the trolley car continue to zip along country roads, but for the reception of great pictures and sculpture, there will need to be—and there will be, if the popular demand is strong enough—places, whether the homes of individuals or public edifices, where artistic completeness prevails: where things lovingly wrought will not rub elbows with the inartistic products of modern machinery. There is no reason, to take a specific case, why a considerable portion of our population should not live simply, honorably, in houses built in the right way and furnished with belongings that are good and interesting. To paint pictures, to model statuary for the inmates of such houses—supposing that their lives agree with the nobility of their surroundings—is to work under an inspiration, with an enthusiasm that is lacking in the ordinary art practice of today; and the general effect of the environment gives a means of testing the special result.

Will any large number of people be willing to take up the idea of the honest house and to move out of the much begabbed lies they now exist in? Why not? To an extent they already are doing it. Certainly all the old houses in New England that can in any way be made habitable are being snapped up for all-year or summer occupation; the next move will be one for building of new houses without reference to modern facilities for the production of monotonous ugliness.

There is fortunately no law to prevent oak beams from being hand hewn and fortunately the number of people who can afford to have them grows from year to year with the production of wealth in this country.



"MADONNA," BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

One of the most attractive pictures shown at Gill's annual exhibition in Springfield, Massachusetts, in February, 1903. Copyright by Woodbury E. Hunt, Fine Art Publisher, Concord, New Hampshire.

# The Genius of Business

FOR THE UNIVERSITY, THE FREE CITY, AND THE PAN-AMERICAN REPUBLIC

## III.—The Rise of a Real University Out of the Little Red School House

By CHARLES FERGUSON

WHEN the Master of History sends into the world a great idea, He doesn't work it out in a day. He takes time. He has to take time. Nobody ever understood a great idea until after it had been knocked around the world for a thousand years or so. When the idea first makes its appearance it is scarcely an idea at all; it is a passion. Nobody has it—it has somebody by the vitals. It masters him, as Heine says, and forces him into the arena where, like a gladiator, he is compelled, whether he will or no, to fight for it.

Next, the idea gets itself uttered in the form of an institution—an institution all poetry and pure flame—totally misunderstood and unintelligible, until it has burned itself up and passed out of existence, covering the whole earth with good wood-ashes. Then, a few careless ages slip away and behold! the white ashes are wheat. Your big idea is ready for business.

It is after this fashion that the world is dealing with the university-idea. We have not yet seen a University, the real thing—sap-full and substantial. We have had only the fine ardor of Abelard and his contemporaries—and the fruitifying ashes. We have had the prophetic type and the ages of expectation; it is full time for the anti-type, the actual event—full time for the veritable thing itself to happen.

Now the University, in its original and essential character, has some sort of a distant relationship to the institutions that have lately been going by that name, but the family likeness is not emphatic. Harvard College and the so-called University of California, for example, bear about the same relation to the essential university-idea that Mrs. Eddy's church or the excellent Society of Universalists bears to the world-historic church-idea. The university-idea has hard work to find itself in any sort of superior academy or finishing school for young ladies and gentlemen.

The University is a social and political conception—the modern and democratic mode of social organization. It is social organization for the promotion of the humanities.

The humanities mean, as I understand it, the happiness of everybody, what the fathers called the general welfare. And that is a very different thing from the thing that the undemocratic governments of the old world have aimed at. Aristocratic governments are not concerned about the happiness of everybody. They exist to promote the happiness of those that they adjudge to be worthy of happiness, and to make sure of the unhappiness of such as are accounted worthy of being miserable. Government, according to the old way of thinking, is a superhuman thing. It doesn't feel as live men feel or see as they see. Its characteristic symbol is a fair woman without a heart, iron scales in her hand and scales upon her eyes—or blinded with a bandage.

Aristocratic government is the sworn enemy of the humanities and of the

free, uncalculating fine arts. It is conscientiously opposed to all that sort of thing—opposed at any rate to giving any real and practical significance to that sort of thing. It follows as a matter of course that the University, under the aristocratic regime, must be a pale, etiolated affair, with the blood dried out, a kind of gibbering ghost of a university, full of reminiscence and prophecy but having nothing to say in the present tense. Its humanities must, before all things, be polite and cautious. They must not on any account affront the studied inhumanities of the blind goddess of justice. And as for the fine arts, it behooves them to be so very fine that only the refined can view them with the natural eye.

Now the significant fact, surprising as it may seem, is that our *soi-disant* universities in America are in their theory and ground-plan wholly and simply aristocratic. They have grown comparatively cheap and accessible to be sure, but that doesn't change their nature. A thing is not democratic because it is cheap. The American colleges have grown up under the shadow of the ancient thrones and they haven't had much sun and wind in their cloisters up to the present time. It took eight years for the American Revolution, and then a full century and a quarter more to finish it up and bury the dead. We are just beginning to get clear of the coasts of Europe. And the college authorities are likely to be the last of the passengers to sight Fire Island and Sandy Hook.

The whole scheme of our American colleges has been adjusted to the aristocratic theory that the public is at best a docile fool and that only the certificated schoolmaster is wise. The professors have stood in a purely pedagogic attitude toward the people. This being understood, it is to be set down to the credit of our democracy, as a mitigating circumstance, that only helpless boys and girls have submitted to go to college. In the middle ages men and women went. But then the case was altogether different. In that rosy dawn of the university-idea the University was democratic. In the twelfth century the University was, as I have already pointed out, a self-governing commonwealth. The students had the suffrage and managed the corporation; the professors did not speak *de haut en bas* like princes and bishops.

A University, properly speaking, exists to get at the truth—the truth of human nature and of the nature of things. And when it begins by despising the unsophisticated human instincts and the common experience of men at work in the real world, it begins by blowing its brains out. A University governed not by the living and learning people but by officers of state or by administrators of estates is no University at all. In some cases it is nothing worth mentioning; but if it is anything it is an academy, a college or a technical school. The university-idea is not in it—unless as a protesting spirit, a Nemesis of outraged art and science. For the fact is that officers of state and the administrators of estates are *ipso facto* the devoted protagonists of the existing conventionalities in politics, in religion, in science, in art, in everything. And, as officers and administrators, the business of getting at the truth is simply not in their line. They may indeed have another character as well—human interests apart from their official duty. But so far as they are “true to their trust” they are bound to see that society shall not get any nearer the truth than it is,—that the existing conventional substitutes shall be made to serve their time. The business of getting at the truth always flies in the face of the things-agreed-upon. The things-agreed-upon are the only real obstacles to artistic and scientific progress. The sciences and the arts have advanced with such incredible slowness through the

ages not because of any natural difficulty—there was no lack of natural faculty and no lack of plastic materials—the advance has been so slow wholly because of the conventional and artificial difficulties. The advance of the arts and sciences has always and inevitably tended to the unsettling, the mobilizing of existing social arrangements; and these same worthy officers of state and administrators of estates have always stood in the front of the battle, with set teeth, to defend the *status quo*. It is no shame to them. They did of old the best they knew, and doubtless are still doing it. But they don't understand the meaning of the University, and can't learn from any of their professors.

The University does not indeed set itself in stubborn opposition to any of the existing arrangements of law or custom. It simply regards them as it regards any other phenomena within the field of science—as things to be questioned and looked into; to be looked through, if possible, for the discovery of something beyond them more real and respectable than they are. And that is a temper of mind which in the nature of the case can never be other than antipathetic to people that draw salaries through the faithful defence of old statutes and dead men's estates.

We hear a great deal of talk in these days about academic freedom; impatient reformers say hard and inconsiderate words about the boards of trustees and boards of regents that refuse to college professors the supposed inalienable right of saying anything they please. The hard words are inconsiderate because they come nowhere near the root of the matter. The fault is not in the governing board of the colleges in any special sense; it is in the whole frame and structure of the institutions from top to bottom. The deposed president of the college called Brown at Providence, Rhode Island, and the indignant brood of teachers who more recently were driven forth with much noise of fluttering wings and ruffled plumage from the pleasant estate of Mrs. Leland Stanford, had really no equitable cause of action against their hierarchical superiors and headmasters. So long as the things called universities are what they are—aristocratic institutions—they must be governed, if governed at all, on aristocratic principles. When the real and democratic University arises, it will doubtless be governed on democratic principles—the teachers will keep their places as long as the plain people can believe in them. Meanwhile the good men of the gown who claim the right to say in their class-rooms whatever they may happen to think, or even what the mass of the people who don't go to college happen to think, will without doubt continue to find themselves out of court. The fond ideal of intellectual liberty in a well endowed moral vacuum never has been realized upon the earth; and, for the sake of intellectual and moral virility, it is to be hoped that it never will be. I suppose that even the cherubim and seraphim have their responsibilities and are obliged to keep on good terms with somebody in order to hold their places in the orchestra of heaven.

The rise of the industrial order is bound up with the renaissance of the university-idea. The organization of industry on a grand scale requires the organization of the people in the spirit of the arts and sciences. In the absence of such an organization of the people, the people are bound to be slaves of the machine; there is no help for it either under the existing plutocratic regime or under that promised order of politico-economic centralization which is now dangling its Dead Sea apples before our eyes under the name of state-socialism.

I mean by the spirit of the arts and sciences the quintessential religion of

modern times, the religion of democracy—that living, working faith in the moral soundness of human nature and the nature of things, which is finding in the constitution of the universe the sufficient statutes of social order and putting all extrinsic authorities out of business. Without this faith and the organization of society on the basis of this faith, I say that the people would inevitably be crushed by the machinery of modern civilization. But the people will not be crushed. Not in America, at least. For in America the University of the People is a fact practically assured by the whole course of our history. It is a matter of no little significance, as bearing on this point, that the frontier of American civilization in its sweep across the continent has always been marked and spaced by an unbroken sentry line of school houses. The farther you go west the more school houses there are in proportion to the census of souls. The longer the haul and the steeper the grade as you go up the slope of the Great Divide, the more recklessly do the people pay the freight—for schools. Wherever the prairie schooner stopped it anchored to a school house, and the Genius of these States its throned on the Sierras in Arizona, quaffing a cup of knowledge that is paid for by the highest school tax rate in the whole world.

Those who would argue from this state of affairs that the moving man in the new world is specially great for book learning, are superficial or misinformed. The American people have never had a great respect for schoolmasters, and never will have. The history of our public school system shows that Americans generally have not cared much either for the quality or the quantity of their schoolmastering—have regarded the scholastic processes as a kind of pious ritual to be got through with in a penitential spirit—with generous congratulations and cheers for the superior sort of men, the Washingtons and Lincolns, who have been counted worthy to escape the punishment of a scholastic education.

The American people have a spiritual passion as strong as their mastery of materials, and the "little red school house" has stood in our imagination not so much a thing of utilitarian value, as a thing of spiritual significance—a homely, thrilling symbol of the conquest of matter by mind, the victorious march of the creative spirit of man across the deserts and wildernesses of the world. The school house has served as the church of the religion of democracy, the shrine of our secret but sincere devotion, and that not because of but in spite of its heritage of pedantry and prose.

The revolution now in progress in what is called the science and art of pedagogics amounts to nothing less than the complete overthrow of the schoolmaster, the abolishment of the reign of the pedagogue.

And this overthrow of the schoolmaster is the final step in the evolution of democratic society. For the strength of all economic and political monopoly has lain in the thralldom of the intellect to the formularies of the past. Up to this time the dead hand of the old order of the world has held fast its mortgage upon the future through its clutch upon the minds of the children. But that clutch is loosening now; even the children at length are to go free. And the defeat of the schoolmaster carries with it the defeat of the masters of the sword and of the purse. With the pedagogue cast out, grown men can without shame go to school. Every man becomes a teacher—and a learner. And so with every child. And there is not a school house of the republic but is destined to become a university of the people, a nerve-center of the new social organization in the spirit of the arts and sciences.



## NOTE AND COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM



DEWEY VICTORY MONUMENT IN UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN, on April 29, 1903, William Randolph Hearst's New York Evening Journal reported his marriage to Miss Millicent Willson, the age of the bride was given, but not that of the groom. *Who's Who in America* preserves a like silence as to the year of Mr. Hearst's birth. It is possible that this youngest of the presidential candidates is trying to suppress his age, not as women are supposed to do, but because he might be thought too young for the office he aspires to. Call him thirtyfive. That is a very satisfactory age. At any rate he is old enough to be the most conspicuous and possibly the most

powerful individual factor in American journalism during the five years last past; and he is old enough to occupy the seat in congress to which he was elected last autumn by the nearly unanimous vote of his district in New York City. Mr. Hearst's father was a United States senator from California, and a mining multimillionaire. The son bids fair to surpass the father, both in business and politics. Certain mossy politicians of both parties affect to sneer at this young fellow and his ambitions, but if I can read the signs right, they are going to learn to rate him a great deal higher than they now do. Among the many men suggested for the democratic nomination in 1904—Cleveland, Gorman, Hill, Parker, Bryan, Harrison of Chicago, Tom Johnson and Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Hearst seems to me to be the strongest leader his party could choose. He is as strenuous as Roosevelt, and like Roosevelt he has a definite program for *doing things*. Like Roosevelt, he takes the people into his confidence—tells them frankly what he wants to do, and is always doing something. His journals often offend the taste of the polite minority—but presidents are not elected by polite minorities. Cleveland couldn't be elected constable outside of Wall Street. Bryan lifted national politics into the realm of idealism for four years, and for that we owe him more than we are likely to pay; but he chose to crawl into the grave when free silver was buried. Gorman and Hill are just plain party hacks and has-beens. Parker lacks prestige, a platform and money. Harrison and Johnson are strong at home, but very uncertain quantities in the national field. Neither, probably, could carry his own state. A campaign with Hearst running against Roosevelt would be a corker. And, in my judgment, Hearst is the only man in his party who could run fast enough to make Roosevelt sweat.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HIS BRIDE

Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Hearst's secretary, writes that the photograph from which this engraving was made was taken by Falk on the wedding day, April 28. Next day the Hearsts sailed for Europe. Mr. Hearst owns six profitable and powerful daily papers in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. He is president of the National Association of Democratic clubs and a congressman-elect. He is a candidate for the presidency of the United States. His father was a senator from California and he is a native of that state.

IT is said that Chief Justice Fuller wishes to retire from office, but retains his place in the hope that the democrats may elect a president in 1904, in which event his successor would be a member of his own party. I beg to suggest, in view of the strong probability that President Roosevelt will succeed himself in the White House in 1905, that he could put the chief justice at ease, prove his own desire to preserve the nonpartisan character of the supreme court, and pay a fitting compliment to his only living predecessor by inviting Grover Cleveland to accept the office of chief justice—assuming that Mr. Fuller is really eager to retire. There is some talk of Mr. Cleveland obtaining a fourth nomination in the democratic national convention; but it would be the height of cruelty on the part of his friends to cause his nomination, granting that they could do it, since he could not possibly be elected. But, as a lawyer and an ex-president, he has an uncommonly useful equipment for the chief justiceship.

THE work of state development has reached an advanced stage in California, where the leading commercial bodies, boards of trade and chambers of commerce have formed themselves into a central organization known as the California Promotion Committee. The Promotion Committee is devoted exclusively to promoting the settlement and development of the state at large. Its purposes are wholly public and its members are representatives of the local organizations. The success of the committee has been remarkable. During the past year—it was organized just one year ago—it has brought 20,000 families to the state and located them through the farming and fruit raising districts. The Committee has been instrumental in bringing a great amount of capital and inducing industrial establishments to locate in California. Considering that it is the only organization of its kind in the world, and that it has no ulterior purpose to serve, the innovation has been worthy of its support. Rufus P. Jennings, an influential San Franciscan, is executive officer of the Committee, and was a prime mover in its organization. If the commercial bodies of other states can combine with like success they will do well to follow California's example.

SAN FRANCISCO leads the country in erecting the first permanent memorial to the American victory in Manila Bay. President Roosevelt presided, on May 14, at the dedication of the Dewey victory monument in Union Square, the



JAMES D. PHELAN,  
Ex-Mayor of San Francisco



ANDREA SBARBORO,  
Nestor of California's Wine Industry



RUFUS P. JENNINGS,  
Head of Calif. Promotion Society



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER AND HIS GRANDCHILD

heart of the Pacific coast metropolis. The ground for the monument was broken by President McKinley, in May, 1901. It was fitting that San Francisco should have precedence in this particular. Not only is her harbor the rendezvous of the Pacific fleet, but since Admiral Dewey unlocked the gateway to Asia the maritime commerce of San Francisco has increased at the rate of twentyfive per cent each year, the annual imports and exports from China alone amounting to more than \$50,000,000 each. San Francisco has therefore commercial as well as sentimental reasons for her tribute to Dewey. The monument itself is an appropriate



SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "PIKE" ON HER TRIAL TRIP

young man of great talent, and the architect Newton J. Tharp; both are San Franciscans. Credit for the building of the monument is largely due to James D. Phelan, ex-mayor of San Francisco.

THE Union Ironworks of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and the Olympia, have scored again with submarine torpedo boats that equal the best vessels of his type ever constructed anywhere. Two of these vessels—the Pike and the Grampus—cigar shaped steel craft shorter than the width of an ordinary street and not so high as the average ceiling, were launched in January this year and given their trial tests in April. Not only did they exceed the government's requirements, but they attained a speed of seven knots under water. These destroyers get power from a gasoline engine when running on the surface; but when submerged, with every vent closed water and air tight, the engines are run by an electric motor. They can descend to a depth of 100 feet—far below the influence of storms that ruffle the surface—and run there on an even keel for hours at a stretch, hidden from every eye,—the deadliest conceivable enemy to a hostile fleet. The Pike carried a crew of twelve on her trial trip. Dewey ran past fixed mines, and Schley at Santiago was menaced by the swift destroyers of the Spanish squadron, whose speed nominally was so much beyond that of the

emblem of its purpose. A huge granite shaft eightythree feet in height is surmounted by a colossal female figure in bronze of *Victory Upon the Seas*. The figure bears in one hand a wreath to crown the American navy, and in the other a trident. The cost of the monument was \$50,000, raised by subscription. The sculptor was Robert I. Aitken, a

big cruisers that they were expected to strike and get away unhurt—or at any rate to get close enough to strike with fatal effect, even if they did not get away; but these were not in it with this terror that, guided by human intelligence, can creep along beneath the waves and strike without exposing itself to a return fire. The profession of war becomes constantly less inviting to persons of sedentary habits.



INTERIOR OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST WINE CISTERN

This 500,000-gallon cistern, the property of Andrea Sbarboro, at Asti, California, was lighted by electricity and when it was completed a hundred persons danced in it to the music of a military band.





EDITH OGDEN HARRISON,  
wife of Chicago's mayor, and whose  
second book of fairy tales will be  
brought out this Autumn

**H**ITHERTO the almost invariable rule of the book publishers was to bring out all their new works late in the year. They seemed to regard Summer as a barren season. Latterly many of them have abandoned this view, in part, and are offering some of their most enticing numbers in late Spring and early Summer. We no longer do all our reading at the Winter fireside. We want books for all the seasons of the year—out-of-door books for the Spring, when the pulse beats higher in anticipation of the rebirth of the flowers; wise and witty fiction to enliven the sultry days of mid-year. The pioneers in the new publishing season are shrewdly offering their best wares, and this is especially true of the fiction that has come to the reviewing desk during the month last past. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send out an exceptionally strong group of new novels. Leading the list is Arthur

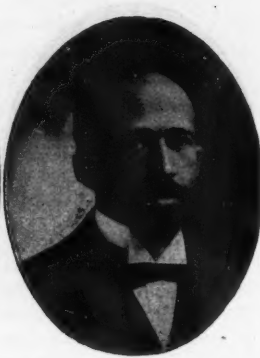
Sherburne Hardy's *His Daughter First*—a swift and eager story of a girl who claimed her own and got it against difficulties. Andy Adams' *The Log of a Cowboy* tells vividly and with much good humor the story of how an outfit of cowmen drove 3,000 beef cattle up from the Rio Grande to the Yellowstone region in the days of the Great Western Trail. From Small, Maynard & Co. we have I. K. Friedman's *The Autobiography of a Beggar*, in which this rising Chicago novelist presents with admirable literary art the comedy of beggary in the great city which is his home. William E. Curtis writes, in the terse journalese which has made him the most famous of living American newspaper correspondents, of *The Turk and His Lost Provinces*, creating a reference book of real value concerning one of the great racial problems of modern Europe. John McCutcheon of the Chicago Record-Herald has assembled a number of his best cartoons—and there are none more popular—in a handsome volume published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Joe Leveque of New Orleans sends out in pamphlet form the text of his new comic opera, *King Capital*, a racy satire on certain phases of our national life in the present time. This opera, by the way, had its first stage presentation in the Crescent City late in May. I have not learned how it succeeded with its audience, but it deserves well upon its literary merits. Frances Charles, the young woman whose *The Country God Forgot* was one of the features of the Little-Brown list last year, gives us another vivid and virile novel, *The Siege of Youth*, issued from the same house. Robert Nielson Stephens' newest work, *The Mystery of Murray Davenport*, will sustain and enhance the reputation won by his earlier romantic novels. Harold McGrath, beloved of thousands for his tales of love and fighting, bids again for public favor with *The Grey Cloak*. The Smart Set Company of New York enters the field of book publishing with novels—*The Vulgarians*, by Edgar Fawcett, and *The Fighting Chance*, by Gertrude Lynch. R. T. Crane, a Chicago manufacturer of elevators, takes a whirl at the colleges with a little booklet in which he undertakes to prove that a university education of the purely academic type is a bad investment for a young man who has to earn his own living and who expects to pursue a commercial life. Mr. Crane scores some minor points, but misses the main one



ELLIOTT FLOWER,  
Author of "The Spoilsmen"



JOHN D. BARRY,  
Author of "A Daughter of Thespis"



PROF. W. E. B. DUBOIS,  
Author of "Souls of Black Folk"

—which is that the best men of every age see something more in education than that which fits them to earn fortunes. Poultney Bigelow writes that Harper & Brothers have accepted the third volume of his *History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, and that the fourth volume will deal with the Revolution of 1848. Mr. Bigelow sailed the other day for Munich. Before going, he wrote for the August National a striking article on *The Modern Muses of Illinois*, in which he contrasts the conservatism of the eastern universities with the intense practicality of those in the prairie states—to the advantage of the latter.

I have no quarrel with what pessimists term the flood of new books. We cannot have too many. The crudest book strengthens its writer, and may have some useful message for a few readers at least. The thing to consider mainly is that native American books continually climb to higher levels of excellence.

MARRED IN THE MAKING, a story in pamphlet, by Lydia Kingsmill Commander: Peter Eckler, New York.

THE DERBY ANNIVERSARY CALENDAR, a record of 6,000 noteworthy events, anniversaries, birthdays, etc., in American history: J. T. White & Co., New York City.

HOMOPHONIC CONVERSATIONS, a natural aid in learning English, German, French and Italian; by C. B. and C. V. Waite: C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago.

TRENT'S TRUST AND OTHER STORIES, by Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE SAMARITANS, a novel by J. A. Steuart: Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

THE DOMINANT STRAIN, a novel by Anna Chapin Ray: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE SPOILS OF EMPIRE, a novel by Francis Newton Thorpe: Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

TEXAS, a historical study by George P. Garrison: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A SPECTER OF POWER, a novel by Charles Egbert Craddock: Houghton-Mifflin.

EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA, translated from the writings of Gogol by Edna W. Underwood and William Hamilton Cline: W. S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

GORDON KEITH, a novel by Thomas Nelson Page: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAX MULLER: Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.



HAROLD MCGRATH,  
Author of "The Grey Cloak"

## THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE LIBRARIES

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### ANNOUNCEMENT

The National Magazine has perfected plans for the establishment of 25,000 Circulating Libraries throughout the United States. These libraries will be composed of the latest and most popular books, such as "Lady Rose's Daughter," "The Grey Cloak," "Mrs. Wiggs," etc., and will be established in every city, town and village in the country. Our object is to disseminate good literature, and to secure a million subscribers to the National Magazine.

A project of this kind, involving as it does the distribution of more than one million books, is of the first importance to every person interested in good literature.

Incidentally it promises to be the most gigantic and successful subscription campaign in American magazine history. The plan on which these libraries will be established is so simple and unique, that we believe it is possible to establish this large number of libraries before the first of January, 1904.

### OUR PLAN

Our plan is to organize clubs of from ten to 200 subscribers, each club having a library of its own.

There will be as many books in the library as there are subscribers in the club. If there are twentyfive subscribers, the library will consist of the first twentyfive books shown on the list given on another page. If there are 200 subscribers, there will be 200 books. Any number of clubs can be formed in the same town or locality.

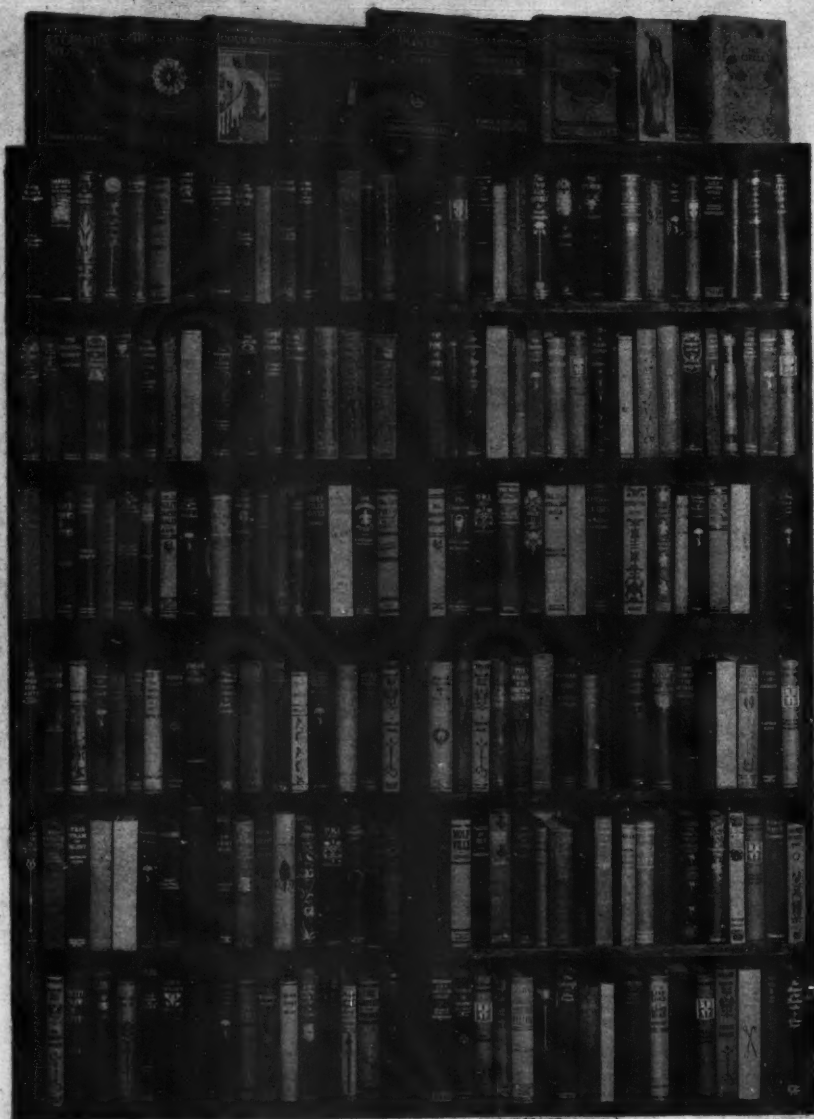
The library will be open to all members of the club for one year. At the end of that time, the books will be divided equally among the subscribers, each receiving one book free of charge, and the library will end.

We will arrange for a satisfactory librarian, whose residence or place of business will be easy of access to all of the subscribers. We will also pro-

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vide printed catalogues, library cards and all necessary paraphernalia, so there will be no additional expense, in the way of dues or fees, for maintenance.

A library of this kind has everything in its favor. The books are the very latest and newest titles; the expense of organizing and maintaining the library is reduced to the minimum; the time is limited to one year; no more than 200 subscribers are admitted to one club, *and, finally, when the library ends, the books go into the homes and are owned by the individual subscribers.*

We print below a list of the books which will comprise the library. These books are all cloth bound, and are the same identical books for which you would pay \$1.50 in any book store. They are the best new fiction, the list being compiled by a committee of expert librarians. Every book is guaranteed to be suitable for general circulation; they bear no numbers, labels or price marks; when a library is supplied every book is fresh and clean, direct from the publishers.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Humphrey Ward      | 25 "Redemption of David Corson," Chas. F. Goss.        |
| 2 "The Pit," Frank Norris                         | 26 "The Virginian," Owen Wister                        |
| 3 "Darrell of the Blessed Isle," Irving Bacheller | 27 "Daughter of the Sioux," Gen. Chas. King.           |
| 4 "Under the Rose," F. S. Isham                   | 28 "At the Time Appointed," A. Maynard Barbour         |
| 5 "Marjorie," Justin McCarthy                     | 29 "The Captain," F. C. Williams                       |
| 6 "The Grey Cloak," Harold McGrath                | 30 "Conjuror's House," Stewart Edward White            |
| 7 "The Under Dog," F. Hopkinson Smith             | 31 "Janice Meredith," Paul L. Ford                     |
| 8 "Master of Warlock," George Cary Eggleston      | 32 "Girl of the Half-Way House," Emerson Hough         |
| 9 "Filigree Ball," Anna Katherine Green           | 33 "Quincy Adams Sawyer," C. F. Pidgin                 |
| 10 "Gordon Keith," Thomas Nelson Page             | 34 "Continental Dragoon," R. N. Stephens               |
| 11 "Lovey Mary," Alice Hegan Rice                 | 35 "With Hoops of Steel," Florence Kelly               |
| 12 "People You Know," George Ade                  | 36 "Hearts Courageous," Hallie Erminie Rives           |
| 13 "Napoleon Jackson," Ruth McEnery Stuart        | 37 "Leopard's Spots," Thos. Dixon                      |
| 14 "The Eternal City," Hall Caine                 | 38 "Mystery of Murray Davenport," R. N. Stephens.      |
| 15 "Blennerhassett," C. F. Pidgin                 | 39 "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Alice Hegan Rice |
| 16 "Truth Dexter," Sidney McCall                  | 40 "Forty Modern Fables," George Ade                   |
| 17 "Children of Destiny," Mollie Elliot Seawell   | 41 "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain               |
| 18 "Making of a Marchioness," F. H. Burnett       | 42 "Maid of Maiden Lane," Amelia E. Barr               |
| 19 "Tristram of Blent," Anthony Hope              | 43 "In the Fog," Richard Harding Davis                 |
| 20 "The Fighting Bishop," H. M. Hopkins           | 44 "Via Crucis," Marion Crawford                       |
| 21 "The Thirteenth District," Brand Whitlock      | 45 "Wolfville Days," A. H. Lewis                       |
| 22 "Long Straight Road," George Horton            | 46 "The Southerners," Cyrus T. Brady                   |
| 23 "The Impudent Comedian," F. Frankfort Moore    |  |
| 24 "Miss Petticoats," Dwight Tilton               |  |

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Marion Crawford<br/>           62 "Pursuit of the Houseboat," John Kendrick<br/>               Bangs<br/>           63 "Lady or the Tiger?" Frank R. Stockton<br/>           64 "Like Another Helen," George Horton<br/>           65 "Jessamy Bride," F. Frankfort Moore<br/>           66 "Double Barreled Detective Story," Mark Twain<br/>           67 "Little White Bird," J. M. Barrie<br/>           68 "Pines of Lory," J. A. Mitchell<br/>           69 "Intrusions of Peggy," Anthony Hope<br/>           70 "Sky Pilot of the Foothills," Ralph Connor<br/>           71 "Light of Scarthey," Egerton Castle<br/>           72 "Princess Aline," Richard Harding Davis<br/>           73 "Graustark," George Barr McCutcheon<br/>           74 "John March, Southerner," George W. Cable<br/>           75 "Man's Woman," Frank Norris<br/>           76 "Right Princess," Clara Louise Burnham<br/>           77 "Blazed Trail," Stuart Edward White<br/>           78 "Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford<br/>           79 "Dorothy South," George Cary Eggleston<br/>           80 "Aunt Abby's Neighbors," Annie Trumbull<br/>               Slosson<br/>           81 "The Manxman," Hall Caine<br/>           82 "The Seekers," Stanley Waterloo<br/>           83 "Lorraine," R. W. Chambers<br/>           84 "Rudder Grange," Frank R. Stockton<br/>           85 "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," F. P. Dunne<br/>           86 "Conqueror," Gertrude Atherton<br/>           87 "D'ri and I," Irving Bacheller<br/>           88 "Man from Glengarry," Ralph Connor<br/>           89 "McTeague," Frank Norris<br/>           90 "Temporal Power," Marie Corelli</p> | <p>91 "Bob, Son of Battle," Alfred Oliphant<br/>           92 "Crisis," Winston Churchill<br/>           93 "Resurrection," Leo Tolstoi<br/>           94 "Was It Right to Forgive?" Amelia E. Barr<br/>           95 "Free Joe," Joel Chandler Harris<br/>           96 "Great Stone of Sardis," Frank R. Stockton<br/>           97 "Bath Comedy," Egerton Castle<br/>           98 "Rosalynde's Lover," Maurice Thompson<br/>           99 "McTeague," Frank Norris<br/>           100 "Red Axe," S. R. Crockett<br/>           101 "Valley of Decision," Edith Wharton<br/>           102 "Heart's Highway," Mary E. Wilkins<br/>           103 "Dorothy Vernon," Charles Major<br/>           104 "Rudder Grangers Abroad," Frank R. Stockton<br/>           105 "Coast of Bohemia," William Dean Howells<br/>           106 "The Wolf's Long Howl," Stanley Waterloo<br/>           107 "Choir Invisible," James Lane Allen<br/>           108 "Warrior Gap," Gen. Chas. King<br/>           109 "Arms and the Woman," Harold McGrath<br/>           110 "The Gentleman from Indiana," Booth Tark-<br/>               ington<br/>           111 "Castle Cranecrow," George Barr McCutcheon<br/>           112 "Audrey," Mary Johnston<br/>           113 "Sevenoaks," J. G. Holland<br/>           114 "Little Journey in the World," C. D. Warner<br/>           115 "A Widower and Some Spinsters," Maria Lou-<br/>               ise Poole<br/>           116 "In the Midst of Alarms," Robert Barr<br/>           117 "A Kentucky Colonel," Opie Read<br/>           118 "Gallant Fight," Marion Harland<br/>           119 "The Fickle Wheel," H. T. Stephenson<br/>           120 "Lazarre," M. H. Catherwood<br/>           121 "Francezka," Mollie Elliot Seawell<br/>           122 "Reflections of Ambrozone," Elinor Glyn<br/>           123 "Tekla," Robert Barr<br/>           124 "Pembroke," Mary E. Wilkins<br/>           125 "Ward of King Canute," O. A. Liljencrantz<br/>           126 "Lady of Quality," F. H. Burnett<br/>           127 "An Army Wife," Gen. Charles King<br/>           128 "Patroon Van Volkenburg," H. T. Stephenson<br/>           129 "Captain Dieppe," Anthony Hope<br/>           130 "To Have and To Hold," Mary Johnston<br/>           131 "Conquest," Eva Emery Dye<br/>           132 "The Cromptons," Mary J. Holmes<br/>           133 "Bonaventure," George W. Cable<br/>           134 "A Gentleman of France," Stanley J. Weyman<br/>           135 "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,"<br/>               Frances Hodgson Burnett<br/>           136 "Carpetbagger," Opie Read</p> |
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# A Year at Oread Institute

By MARION C. HALLETT



CHEMISTRY CLASS—PREPARATION OF NITROGEN

**I**MAGINE my feelings one bright day last August when I was informed that I had been chosen to receive the National Magazine scholarship for Oread Institute of Worcester, Massachusetts. It came to me through the National Magazine, and I need not say how much happiness it brought into my family, thinking how the the dearest and best mother in the world had brought all this good fortune to me by insisting upon subscribing for the National. The article on Oread in this periodical was studied until the picture of the "castle" on the hill was fixed on my mind as associated with the pleasantest anticipations of a lifetime.

Now, having completed the year's course, I thought it might interest the readers of the National to know how far the realization has surpassed the anticipation. I will not say that there was not a twinge of homesickness in the thought of leaving home; but when I arrived and

was settled at Oread I found I was not as homesick as I had anticipated.

I was greatly impressed by the beauty of the place and the atmosphere in general, the cordiality of the girls and the delightful home life.

"Domestic Science" it was from the start to the commencement. Under the direction of the well beloved principal, Mrs. Harriet Higbee, and the corps of instructors, I found that of all that was offered in the curriculum of my school and college work, the course in domestic science was the cap-sheaf and comprehended a post graduate course of vital consequence to any girl, no matter what career she might take up in later life. It has proven the fundamental and practical basis of right living.

I can scarcely go farther without mentioning the inspiration of the lectures of the president and founder of the Institute, Mr. Henry D. Perky, whose clear thought, enthusiasm, generosity and



energy have made this institution one of the best of its kind in the world. In fact, his life has been dedicated to the work, and the five classes that have been graduated have gone forth fully fitted for the serious business of making the very most and best of life.

Yes, there have been happy days these months past, despite the absorbing attention required by the course. We were taught not only how to have all branches of housework done, but how to do them ourselves. And some have insisted that the servant girl question would not be so serious if there were more real housekeepers directing the work of servants. These simple, homely duties which so many of our dear, fond mothers are apt to do, and keep on doing, as a matter of course, while the daughter practices on the piano or does fancy work, are after all essential.

But you who are interested at all will wish me to be more specific—to tell you with more detail just what we were taught at this model school. For entrance to the Institute it is necessary to have good health, since this is essential to good work. The health of the majority seems to improve during the year at Oread—due undoubtedly to proper food and the environment in general. With a uniform of lavender and white, a white apron and lace cap, the costume for the day was complete. But the girls all dressed for dinner.

Our class was divided into two divisions and I belonged to the A's. Our first duties were in house work. The stairs—considered the most undesirable task of all—fell to my lot. However, it was a consolation to know that it was one of those pleasures in life that come to us but once. At any rate, the young lady who cared for the stairs had a chance to show her sweet disposition—with people continually passing up and down. In due order the care of the entire house was taught, from cellar to

garret. Each girl had charge of the class for two days. She gave a lecture one day and made out the menus for the next—meals as attractive as possible and within a certain cost. In connection with this she did the marketing and oversaw all the work in the kitchen. The latter part of the year meals were served in family style and each girl presided at the table for a week, and did the serving. Needless to say, there was an increased action of the heart when a huge turkey, goose or chicken appeared, ready for the fray. But practice makes perfect, and now we are undaunted at the thought of carving these creatures.

In cookery, each student was provided with a two-burner gas stove, drawer and cupboard with equipment. We worked individually and in groups. As the work advanced from the simple to the difficult, our interest increased. I might mention a couple of bright questions asked in this class. One girl wanted to know if shortening was baking powder, and another astounded the teacher with, "How many eggs does it take for an apple pie?" In the spring the girls began to give demonstrations which were most helpful to us. Formal meals were also prepared and served by the class to a number of guests.

The work in sewing began with lectures on textiles. Many models were made, which required much care and time. If these models were not sufficiently accurate, "I think you had better try that again," came from our instructor, and before many weeks this was a familiar remark. Outside of class work, each one was required to make an exhibition piece by hand. We took up some basket weaving, and one little incident in connection with this I shall never forget. The reeds had to be soaked in water, and as a certain girl worked she proceeded to sit on the table. At once girl, table and pan of water met on the floor and were one. The rest speaks for itself.

Household economics include sanitation, laundry and marketing. Our first wash in the laundry was two plain handkerchiefs and a pillow case; the last, silks, laces and embroideries. The idea taught was to do the work in the best and easiest way. The hours spent over tubs and ironing boards, although full of trials, were happy ones. Under sanitation, we considered selection of home sites, architecture, plumbing, ventilation, furnishings, etc. For field work we visited many factories and buildings of interest.

It was a familiar sight to the market men to see a group of Oread girls enter the market eager to learn all possible about food—as fish, meats, vegetables and fruits. The chemistry of foods was one of our most helpful studies. Foods were analyzed and discussed and lectures given by both teacher and pupils. Information was gained in looking up data as well as self control in speaking in public.

After dinner speeches, although of great importance in our study of elocution, were a sore trial to us at the start. My first speech almost gave me palpitation of the heart. It was more pleasant to look back upon than to anticipate. During the year, each pupil gave four introductions and four speeches, the last speech showing a marked improvement upon the first.

The aim of physiology, as taught us in the Institute, was to give a general knowledge of the human body, which should lead to an intelligent understanding of the great importance of right living. Physical training was not neglected. During the winter we had indoor gymnastics, in fall and spring outdoor sports, as basket ball, tennis and rowing on Lake Quinsigamond.

It is well to know what to do in case of an emergency. We obtained practical knowledge in the treatment of scalds, bruises, fainting, bandages, poisons, broken bones, etc. For fear that the

girls might not have sufficient opportunity to apply their knowledge, I fell down stairs one day and fainted. I was taken in charge, and the experiments were most amusing.

"Food for infants, children and invalids" covered the preparation of foods, invalid dietaries, proper nourishment, etc. Trays for invalids were prepared and made as attractive as possible.

The study of bacteriology took up bacteria in earth, air and water, causes of disease, effects on food and health, etc. We became better acquainted with these little pests than ever before.

The study of psychology and pedagogy proved most beneficial. Reports on reading were required and papers as to original observations were written by the students and were highly entertaining. The life and writings of great educators were studied and their principles discussed and applied to the present time.

A few events on the social side of the school life may be of interest. One of the first was an outing given by President Perky and Mrs. Higbee. The class was taken up the lake and a most enjoyable clam bake given at Hotel Edgemere. Mr. Perky is a firm believer in outdoor exercise, and in May a riding track and bridle path was started behind the Oread. Horses were furnished by Mr. Perky and we received the benefit of this track for a brief time. We almost envy the girls of next year. Along the track we one day planted flowers in a space allotted to each state. May the coming class enjoy these little tokens.

Holidays—as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Hallowe'en, Easter and birthdays—were celebrated with festivities, and made most happy occasions. At one time there was some friendly rivalry between the two divisions. The A's being the first to master the art of laundering men's shirts, donned these articles and gave a promenade. Later the B's did

likewise and gave a party to the A's. We voted our gentlemen friends most royal entertainers and returned the compliment with a spirited faculty meeting.

To those wishing to take a trip to Boston a week was given in April. Four days were spent in this city. The party was chaperoned by two teachers, who took us to visit the Boston Cooking School, the Institute of Technology, Harvard and the high schools. We visited also many historical points of interest and large factories where foods and household furnishings were made. Evidently forty girls do not appear in Boston every day, judging from some remarks overheard, as, "What has struck Boston?" "Something has broken loose;" "Must be chorus girls;" "Teachers' In-

stitute;" "Woman's Relief Corps," etc. But such remarks only added spice to our trip, which was most enjoyable.

Commencement week was full of preparation and life, but the closing of the year was filled with the greatest regret. Many have expressed the desire that the course at Oread were at least two years.

Summing it all up, I feel that I have to thank the National Magazine and Oread Institute for one of the happiest and most profitable years of my life—a year whose lessons will prove constantly of service in all the years that may come to me. I am very glad to learn that the National is to have another Oread scholarship for this year, and I congratulate the lucky girl—not yet chosen, I believe—who will receive it.



KITCHEN LABORATORY—COOKING CLASS AT WORK.

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*Now it is the constant duty of parents first, and later of parents and teachers, to see that the child does not infringe upon the rights of others. As has already been said, the whole object of education is to train the human being so that he will be governed by his reason.—From "A Broader Elementary Education," by J. P. Gordy, Ph. D. (Hinds & Noble, New York.)*

# Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan and Ontario

By *FRANK M. SPARKS*

**O**UT from the mists of legend and romance there have arisen on the banks of St. Mary's river within the past two decades, and more especially within the last ten years, two cities, one in Michigan and one in Ontario, toward which the eyes of the commercial and industrial world are turned with ever increasing wonderment.

These cities, hallowed by the memory of Father Marquette and his associates, bear the same name, taking it from the falls in St. Mary's river at this point. The French called the falls Le Sault de Sainte Marie, meaning the fall or leap of the St. Mary's, but in common parlance and for sake of brevity, these cities have come to be known the world over



FRANCIS H. CLERGUE, THE WIZARD OF THE SOO

The above picture is the only one ever published of the man who is responsible for the present importance of the two Soos. It represents Mr. Clergue standing in front of the famous old blockhouse erected early in the eighteenth century by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Mr. Clergue upon arriving in the Soo had the old blockhouse restored and has lived in it himself ever since. He has now in process of construction a magnificent residence; but the old blockhouse will never be destroyed. Mr. Clergue's love for animals may be seen by the dogs with which he is surrounded and the bear in the background. Mr. Clergue has never sat for a picture and has successfully dodged the snapshotters who have tried for years to catch him. None ever succeeded until the gentleman who took this picture caught him unawares while he was playing with his dogs.

simply as the "Soos."

According to the state census of 1884, Sault St. Marie, Michigan, was a village of 2,638 inhabitants. The United States census of 1890 gave it a population of 5,760, while five years later it had grown to 10,538, and today its population is estimated at about 15,000. Predictions for the future of the city, based upon the wonderful advantages of the place, set the population at the end of five years at between 50,000 and 100,000. These figures may be taken as those of the Canadian Soo as well, since the cities have grown up side by side and with equal rapidity.

Three factors have contributed to this phenomenal growth and to its importance to the commercial and industrial world.

First of all, nature placed at this point an obstruction to one of the greatest waterways in the world, and in this very obstruction placed a water power hardly excelled by any to be found on this continent except Niagara; second, man's ingenuity overcame this obstruction to the waterway by building around it the greatest ship canal in the world; third, man's ingenuity harnessed the great water power and made possible the use of nearly 60,000 horse power for industrial purposes, at the same time accomplishing one of the greatest feats of engineering the world has ever seen.

All about the shores of Lake Superior nature placed one of the richest ore regions on the globe. On every side are deposits of those ores most in demand in the industries of the nations. Some have already been developed and many are still awaiting the pick of the miner. The only obstruction to prevent carrying these ores to the markets of the East by water was that placed at the narrow entrance of St. Mary's river where its bed drops suddenly twenty feet from the level of Lake Superior to that of Lake Huron.

### *The Ship Canals*

In the desire to assist their commerce, the governments of the United States and Canada constructed around this sudden drop ship canals on their respective sides of the river, the traffic through which will probably never be surpassed, unless by the Panama canal.

Where seventyfive years ago naught but the canoe of the indian or the bateau of the trapper of the Hudson Bay Fur Company ruffled the waters of the river and where fifty years ago small sailing vessels bore their insignificant cargoes as far as the rapids, there to be transferred to other vessels waiting on the other side of the portage, today vessels bearing more than 8,000 tons of the most valuable ores or merchandise are taken around the rapids in the short space of twelve minutes, through the greatest locks in the world.

Although the season of navigation at this point is less than nine months per year, more freight and a greater number of vessels passes through these canals than through any similar waterway in the world operating the full twelve months in the year. Suez canal, connecting two oceans and open to the trade of all nations for twelve full months; the great canal between Liverpool and Manchester, England, and the Kaiser Wilhelm canal, have long since been left far in the rear in the amount of tonnage passed. Suez canal, in the year 1902, passed 17,827,189 net tons of freight in 3,708 vessels representing almost every nation on the globe. In eight months and twenty days of the same year the canals at the Soo passed 35,961,146 net tons in 22,659 vessels of the United States and Canada. For the full twelve months of the same year the port of Liverpool could boast but 3,360,000 net tons.

Of this great traffic at the Soo the American canal alone passed 31,232,795 net tons of freight besides 6,500 cords of pulp-wood and 5,000,000 feet of pine logs





FIRST LOCK AROUND THE FALLS OF ST. MARY'S RIVER—BUILT BY THE HUDSON BAY FUR COMPANY IN 1798, AND DESTROYED BY U. S. TROOPS IN 1814

which passed over the rapids, bound for lower lake ports. Thus it will be seen that the Canadian canal, which passed but thirteen per cent. of the freight, passed much more than did the port of Liverpool, while the traffic of the American canal was twice that of the Suez, less about one half that of Liverpool. The increase in the traffic through the Soo canals for the year 1902 over 1901 was 7,558,081 net tons, or nearly one half the total traffic of the Suez canal for the year.

#### *Development of the Canals*

The history of the development of these canals is interesting. The first one was constructed on the Canadian side of the river in 1798, by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The lock was thirty-eight feet long, nine feet eight inches wide, and had a lift of nine feet. The batteaux of the trappers were dragged through it by means of an ox team walking along a towpath. This lock was destroyed by United States troops in 1814. The floor timbers and sills remained and the lock was restored some

years ago and forms one of the attractions of the Canadian Soo.

The next locks were constructed on the American side of the river in 1853 to 1855 by the state of Michigan. There were two tandem locks, each 350 feet long by seventy feet wide. Up to 1851 traffic around the rapids was estimated at 12,600 net tons, but in 1861 it had increased to 88,000 net tons. Weitzel lock was built by the United States government in 1870 to 1881, at a cost of \$1,000,000. The lock is 515 feet long by eighty feet wide, and in the year of its completion the

traffic was 1,567,741 net tons. The state locks were destroyed in 1887, to make room for the Poe lock, 800 feet long by 100 wide. It was completed in 1896 at a cost of \$3,000,000; traffic through it and the Wietzel has increased to the present enormous size. The Canadian lock is 900 feet long by sixty feet wide and was completed in 1895 at a cost, with approaches, of \$4,000,000.

But these locks are proving inadequate, and the United States government is now considering the construction of a third lock, to be 1,300 feet long and of sufficient depth to pass any vessel afloat. The ship canals are perhaps the objects of principal interest to the thousands of tourists who throng the government park each summer, watching the great ships as they are raised or lowered from the level of one lake to that of another.

#### *What Made the Cities*

The third factor, and the one which more than all others is responsible for the rapid growth of the two cities, the factor which makes the Soos of importance in the industrial world and which

holds out a future of the greatest possibilities, is due to the magic touch of Francis H. Clergue, who by his genius and energy succeeded where many others had failed, and who brought the Soos from the position of two little villages tucked away in an out of the way corner, to the cities they are today.

The Michigan Soo canal, which was completed last October, was no new project when Francis H. Clergue began work on it in 1893. The earliest pioneers in the Soo appreciated the value of the falls as a source of power. But it remained for a regiment of the regular army, early in the last century, to make the first use of this power. The members of this regiment stationed in the Soo dug a little ditch from the head of the rapids to a point near where now stands the Park Hotel. At that point was located a sawmill, the product of which was used by the troops in the construction of their huts for winter. By means of this ditch enough power was harnessed to operate the mill until about 1852, when it was destroyed and the ditch filled up. At about this time a man named Samuel Whitney of New York visited the Soo, and, being impressed with the advantages of the power here, organized a syndicate of New York capitalists to develop it. They bought an immense tract of land, but before any excavation was begun the syndicate passed out of existence.

### *Failures Multiplied*

From this time until 1881 the water power proposition lay dormant, but in that year a company composed of George S. Frost and Charles W. Noble of Detroit and Charles B. Colton and Lester A. Roberts of New York took it up. They secured the passage of an enabling act and bought a lot of land, which resulted in litigation, and the whole scheme was again exploded.

In 1885 the town itself thought by bonding to the amount of \$40,000 to develop the water power; after many intrigues in the council it handed the scheme over to a company of local financiers, who had organized a company capitalized at \$100,000. The members of the company were George W. Brown, Louis P. Trempe, William Chandler, Frank Perry, George Kemp, Joshua Green and Otto Fowle. After an expenditure of \$18,000 of their money in preliminaries, they saw that their capital would be but a drop in the bucket and went in search of men and money to assist them.

About this time, John G. Stradley happened along with a surveying party and became interested in the water power project. He proposed a company with \$1,000,000 capital. His offer was accepted and he succeeded in raising sufficient subscriptions for stock to warrant the beginning of work. Some excavation was done, but it was discovered that the million dollars would not finish the job, and the outside capitalists decided to give it up. This was a sad blow to the people of the Soo, who offered to subscribe \$100,000 more to the stock if the outsiders would do likewise. They agreed, and \$41,000 worth of short term bonds were issued to complete the purchase of the right of way.



MICHIGAN LAKE SUPERIOR POWER COMPANY'S CANAL JUST BEFORE IT CURVES INTO THE FOREBAY—POWER HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND

About this time there came to the Soo one John Alexander Hamilton Gunn, claiming to be the representative of a big English syndicate. He made many delightful promises, turned all that had been accomplished into blue sky, swindled the stockholders out of what they had and departed, having dealt a death blow to the then pending water power project and some industries which had been organized in connection with it. The mortgages on the property were foreclosed and again this ditch, which had been the burying ground of many hopes and fortunes, became nothing more than a ditch.

#### *The Arrival of Clergue*

Things were in such condition when Francis H. Clergue arrived in the Soo in 1893 and became interested. He talked little and did much, and soon organized a syndicate with unlimited capital which purchased the power canal project for \$68,000. Work was at once begun in developing it. There were at that time, and unfortunately they are not all dead yet, those who were sceptical over the matter and expected to see Mr. Clergue lay his money and hopes alongside those of his predecessors. But money kept coming whenever it was needed. Work was begun and pushed unceasingly from that time until, on October 25, 1902, the people saw Miss Helen Clergue turn the golden switch which caused a dozen lights to glow about her, announcing that the great power canal was at last performing its functions.

#### *Construction of the Power Canal*

After Mr. Clergue arrived in the Soo and decided to undertake the water power development, a vast amount of work was necessarily done before actual digging could be begun. It was not until October, 1898, that the contracts were awarded, but excavation was started

immediately afterward. Just south of the western entrance to the ship canal is the intake of the power canal, 900 feet wide and narrowing to 250 feet 1,000 feet from where the water of Lake Superior enters. It continues at this width to the head gates at the westerly entrance of the canal proper. From the head gates to the power house is a distance of 13,000 feet or nearly two and one half miles. The canal is 200 feet wide and the water will flow at the uniform depth of twenty-three feet. The canal cuts the city in two, making an island of the business section. Six iron bridges span the waterway and the two sides of the city thus connected are called "the Island" and the "South Side."

In the construction of the canal, a variety of material was taken out. The first 1,500 feet passes through Lake Superior sand, boulders, and gravel, while the next 4,000 feet are of solid rock. The following 8,000 feet is of the same drift as that at the intake, but near the power house changes to a siliceous clay. Through the intake the canal walls are retained by timber cribs topped off from just below the surface of the water with masonry. Through the rock cut the walls are vertical, while through the sand and gravel the canal is formed by timber and is trapezoidal in shape. The current thus running at the rate of one and one half miles an hour, when the entire plant is in operation, will deliver approximately 30,000 cubic feet of water every second, and will render available, making all deductions for losses, about 60,000 horse power.

#### *The Great Power House*

Forming a dam at the eastern end of the canal, through which the water of Lake Superior has thus been decoyed from its natural channel, is situated the great power house 1,368 feet in length. To gain the river once more the water must pass over thirty-five-inch turbines

arranged in pairs in eightyone chambers beneath the structure. Above these pits are two floors, upon which are installed the dynamos connecting with the turbines by a shaft. The dynamos were installed by the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company. Over 300 acres of land were reclaimed during construction; 3,500 feet of navigation docks were built; thirtythree miles of rails were laid and operated. The approximated cost of the whole great undertaking was between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000.

#### *Other Water Power*

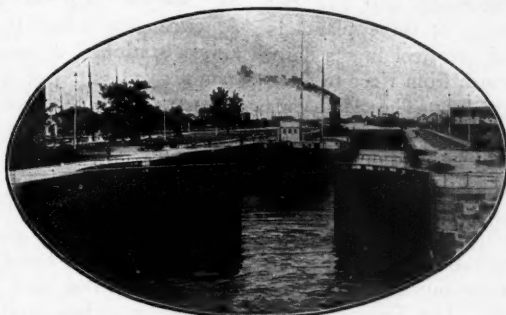
But it must not be presumed that all the water power development of the Soo lies in the great canal of the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company. Down on the very banks of the rapids, and just outside the locks, is located the narrow strip of land owned by the Chandler-Dunbar Company. Here, with a trifling expense, as compared with what it cost to build the Clergue canal, there has been developed a water power of 10,000 horse power, and on this site there will be in process of construction within a few months another big industry for the Soo.

The American Sault Pulp and Paper Company, organized with a capital of \$4,000,000, will erect a power house somewhat after the same plan as that of the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company, and will take from it the power to operate a ground wood pulp mill, a sulphite pulp mill, and a paper mill, the latter having a capacity of from

125 to 150 tons per day. It is further proposed to build a box mill, as soon as the rest of the undertaking is working properly, and the whole plant may at any time be enlarged with little or no difficulty because of the general plan upon which it is to be constructed. The cost of transportation of the product of this plant will be placed at a minimum, because of the deep water docking facilities on the property and the convenience of switching to the three trunk lines which pass through the Soo.

#### *Other Industries*

The Union Carbide Company will have the largest plant of its kind in the world ready for operation as soon as the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company is ready to furnish the 20,000 horse power which it has purchased. The buildings of the Carbide company are con-



MODERN 500-FOOT ORE CARRIER ABOUT TO LEAVE POE LOCK, PASSING DOWN THE AMERICAN CANAL

nected by a steel bridge with the great power house itself, so that the two buildings, from the water front, look like one, more than a half mile in length.

The Craig White Metal Company will begin construction this year, having purchased power from the Clergue company. The plant will be a large one, employing probably 500 men at the start. Other smaller companies which have already spoken for power are the Superior Food Company, Ltd., the Petosky Rug Company, the Caskey Furniture Company, the Chippewa Boat Works and the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, which has planned an immense paper mill to utilize the product of its pulp mills.

*In the Canadian Soo*

The industries of the Canadian Soo are more fully developed than those of the American side of the river and are practically all owned and operated by the subsidiary companies of the Consolidated. The companies now in operation there are the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway Company, which extends 190 miles into the rich mineral regions of the Michipicoten and operates a fleet of steamers on the lakes. The Lake Superior Power Company has in operation a canal delivering 20,000 horse power. The Algoma Steel Company owns and operates the Bessemer Steel Works, blooming mill and rail mill. The capacity of these plants is 600 tons of Bessemer steel ingots daily and they will furnish from 1,000 to 1,200 tons of rails per day. The Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company has a ground wood mill with a daily capacity of 100 tons, and a sulphite mill with a daily capacity of sixty tons. The Algoma Commercial Company, Ltd., has extensive lumbering operations throughout the district and operates numerous sawmills and shingle mills. The Tagona Water and Light Company supplies these necessities for the entire Canadian Soo.

All these industries are owned and operated as subsidiary companies of the great Clergue syndicate; but aside from these the company owns numerous iron, gold, copper, nickle and silver mines in Ontario and street railways in both the American and Canadian Soos. In addi-

tion, there are now nearly ready for operation four blast furnaces which will make it possible for the Consolidated Lake Superior Company to take ore from its own mines, transport it to the Canadian Soo over its own railroad, run it into pigs in its own blast furnaces, manufacture it into steel rails in its own mill and transport the finished product to the markets in its own boats.

*Not all Smoke and Din*

But it must not be presumed that the two Soos are all smoke and din of industry, for there is no more beautiful spot on the globe than at this point on the St. Mary's. Up on the hill in the American Soo is Fort Brady, in which is always stationed a battalion of Uncle Sam's regulars. Just at present, four companies of the famous "Fighting First" infantry, fresh from four years service in various climes, may be seen drilling in their khaki uniforms which they wore while in the Philippines.

About thirty miles down the river is Desbarats, a most beautiful spot, where there is presented each day in summer the Ojibway indian production of Longfellow's beautiful poem, *Hiawatha*. No tourist ever leaves the Soo without having seen this drama.

In the two Soos one may find almost anything he desires. Great feats of engineering, the bustle of vast industries, or the quiet and beauty of the wilderness either as nature made it or as it has been beautified by the hand of man.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CLERGUE WORKS IN THE CANADIAN SOO



## WHERE READY-TO-EAT FOOD IS PREPARED

By MITCHELL MANNERING



TRIMMING TONGUES

It was the noon hour, a most appropriate and appetizing time, that I took up another chapter of American life for study at close visual range. We are all creatures of sentiment, more or less, and when I glanced over the stupendous figures of the production of ready-to-eat food in the United States, I chose Libby, McNeil & Libby's plant in Chicago; first, because it is the largest of the kind in the world, but essentially because when I recalled my salad "batching" days in a Dakota claim shack, years ago, I remembered a good-sized monument of tin cans near the shack, each having the label of Libby, McNeil & Libby. These solitary repasts, prepared after a day's work with an appetite stimulated by Dakota zephyrs, are a cherished memory of the past. And I had actually opened so many of the Libby, McNeil & Libby cans that I began to feel a sort of ownership in the product. Scattered in the wake of American pioneer life, you will find the tin cans. They bring the luxuries of all climes and all seasons into even the remotest regions.

So, with the memory of these tin cans, at high noon I entered the plant which was to me a more interesting study of American life of today than any text book could furnish. Here was apparent

at a glance an interesting phase of the great evolution of American life which has permeated the very spirit of the world. The dreams of cooperative kitchens of yesterday were here presented as facts of today. The catering of the world confined to a small plot of ground, and in this plant representing about six acres of ground and fifty acres of floor space. Over ten million cans represent the product every thirty days, and every month sixty thousand cattle are slaughtered for this particular purpose. These figures are simply stupendous. What a barbecue it all represents! What a picture the multitudes fed by this one plant would represent, if gathered together from all parts of the earth at one time!

In the cooling room were an array of choice beeves which are utilized altogether for the one specific purpose of prepared meats. It is not refuse, as many have thought, but the freshest and best beef, that gives the high grade, natural flavor that has won for these products the highest awards wherever exhibited for purity and excellence.

At almost any time of the day there is a group of visitors looking over the plant, which is certainly one of the sights of the city. On the writing table in the writ-



FILLING SIX-POUND CANS

## WHERE READY-TO-EAT FOOD IS PREPARED



DRIED-BEEF SLICING MACHINE

ing room, is an array of handsome literature and a valuable library of recipe books which at once interest the thrifty housewife. The European tourist at once notes an old favorite in the shape of an illustrated post card giving a picture of the plant, and this he mails home. The personnel of the visitors, coming from all parts of the country and all countries of the world, indicates that the same keen interest is maintained in good things to eat, as in the novels of Dickens and Sir Walter Scott. The critical gaze of the New England housewife is punctuated with words of approval, as she passes along the visitors' gallery and sees the scrupulous neatness of every nook and corner.

In the first large room the men are at work preparing the carcasses for various departments—a sort of a postal delivery service. Everywhere are chefs in neat white caps and jacket, and girls in cap and apron who give the scene a peculiarly picturesque and homelike aspect. The cooking and preparation of the 150 varieties prepared in this plant is given the same painstaking care as in the most orderly home kitchen. The cooked beef is put into cans

extracted by a vacuum machine which reserves all the natural flavor. In the great soup kitchen there was an appetite created at once, that brought back visions of those blissful moments of youthful anticipation that came just before the Thanksgiving dinner. The newest product prepared is called "Melroe Pate," a combination of game, ham and tongue which is proving very popular. A taste of this at once brought visions of tempting picnic repasts on the banks of some sylvan stream, and the

laughter and merriment of a day in the woods. The ham loaf, veal loaf, in fact every kind of a combination known to tempt the palate were here arranged in neatly labeled cans ready to be shipped to all parts of the world. Here were cans bearing the United States government stamp, ready for shipment to the Philippines, side by side with consignments labeled for all the continents of the globe.

What impressed me most was the "rest room" where the girls gathered for the noon hour. The bright, happy and pretty faces, the merry peals of laughter over lunch, the whole scene, pictured the preeminence of the American idea. Over 3,000 people in this plant alone, and no sunny housekeeper, singing at her task, was ever a more perfect picture of content. The very subtle spirit of the household is implanted in the production of American canned goods.



PACKING BEEF EXTRACT

## CUT-OVER TIMBER LANDS FARMING DISTRICTS TODAY

*By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE*

**W**HILE the subject of expansion is uppermost in the American mind, the question of internal development is not overlooked. One of the most interesting phases of internal development has been the settlement of cut-off timber lands, upon which splendid farms are being developed, from land costing \$10 to \$12 per acre, into equal value of production to those valued at \$100 to \$120 an acre. And these \$12 lands are located within a radius of 300 miles of the large central markets of the middle west.

On May 30 an excursion train, containing a party of prominent railroad officials, bankers and manufacturers, made a tour of some of the counties in northern Wisconsin to see what had actually been accomplished within the past five years and the visual evidence produced was astonishing. It shows that in seeking paying investment in farming lands far off in unexplored sections of the British northwest,—the great opportunities right at hand are overlooked.

The genius that pioneered and persistently led this movement, despite the sneers of wiseacres, is James L. Gates of Milwaukee, who bought millions of acres of these lands, when people thought he was foolish, while he stoutly maintained that time would vindicate his conviction. Lands purchased ten years ago at fifty cents to \$1 per acre are now selling at \$10 and \$12, and producing results which indicate that the advances in value to date are only a beginning of the appreciation of prices that is to follow.

\* \* \*

Born in Essex county, New York, among the Adirondacks, James L. Gates was brought west with his parents when

four years old to the then wilderness of Clark county, Wisconsin; Essex county was the place where the late Senator Philetus Sawyer came from, and led the van of pine land patriarchs in the new fields. They came prepared for the pioneer work. The logging camps of Maine and the Adirondacks were the training schools for many of the successful lumbermen of the lake states.

Remember that in 1856 there was not a piece of railroad iron west of the Mississippi river. The twelve families in Clark county then have increased to 35,000, and the school houses have increased from nine to 252, every one of which this pioneer boy, who had no school advantages, has helped to build. Young Gates spent most of his early years working in the woods; and as he studied the cut-over lands, after the tall timber had been removed, he began to picture in his mind their future which has been so abundantly realized.

\* \* \*

An old, well worn, black-covered location plat book is in Mr. Gates' possession, giving sectional maps. A red ink block marked in the book has now faded to dull pink. It reads NE quarter SW section 22 T 25 R 3 west, located on Wedge's creek, named after Major Wedge, an early settler of Clark county. Tall, strong and vigorous, this young man of twentyone walked fifty miles to Eau Claire and borrowed the money, \$50 (\$1.25 per acre), to enter the first forty acres he had ever owned, and which later years has run into millions of acres. The old plat book was carried for many years after, until filled with red marks indicating his ownership, and four others followed in succession. He as-

sisted Putnam in locating the famous Cornell university tract, and kept in close touch with the lumbering interests.

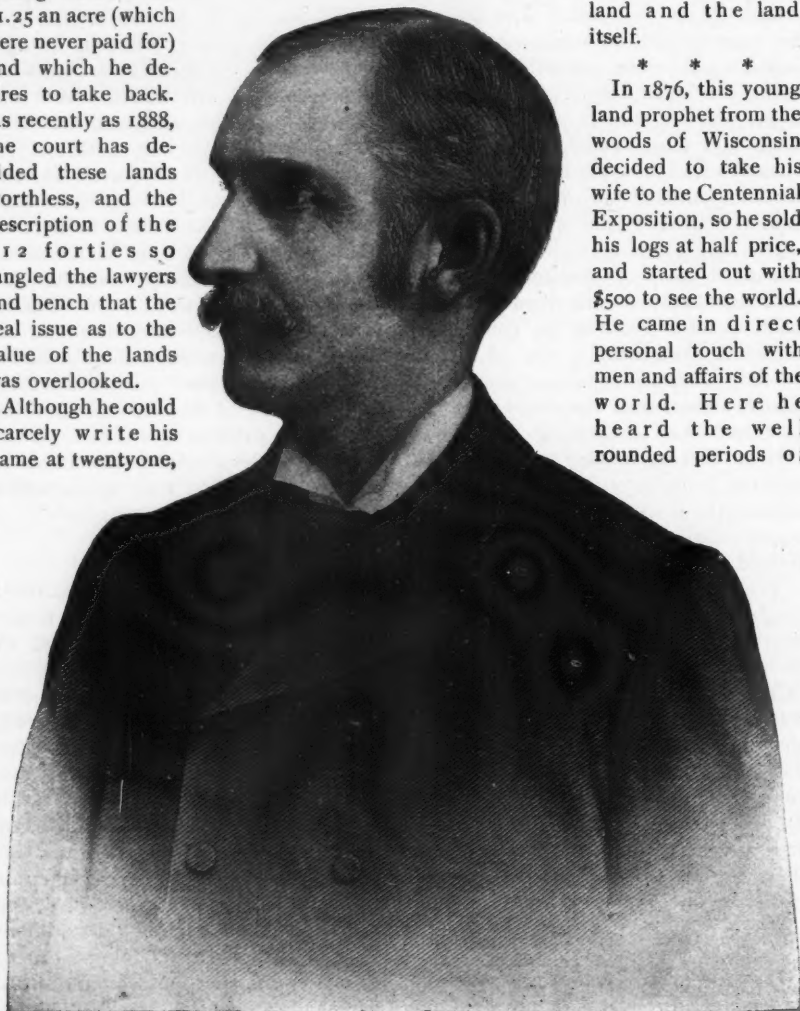
To show how his faith has triumphed, a case in the United States Supreme Court is pending, upon which he prepared the brief, which involves the point as to whether he swindled the parties in selling lands at \$1.25 an acre (which were never paid for) and which he desires to take back. As recently as 1888, the court has decided these lands worthless, and the description of the 512 forties so tangled the lawyers and bench that the real issue as to the value of the lands was overlooked.

Although he could scarcely write his name at twentyone,

Mr. Gates, through the help of his wife at the beginning, has become one of the best posted men on land laws in the country. He has learned it by the hard knocks incident to legal knots to be solved, and his marvelous retention of descriptions of lands has baffled lawyers. He not only knows the figures but the history of the land and the land itself.

\* \* \*

In 1876, this young land prophet from the woods of Wisconsin decided to take his wife to the Centennial Exposition, so he sold his logs at half price, and started out with \$500 to see the world. He came in direct personal touch with men and affairs of the world. Here he heard the well rounded periods of



JAMES L. GATES, PIONEER AND LEADER IN DEVELOPING WISCONSIN'S CUT-OVER LANDS

William M. Evarts and the roar of Centennial fireworks. It fired his ambition, as it did that of others. He got others interested in his land idea, and has paid over a million and a half dollars in taxes; and in all of the thousands of acres sold to new settlers during twentyfive years, he never foreclosed a mortgage. This is certainly a remarkable record, considering that the volume of business has run over \$25,000,000.

Now the J. L. Gates Land Company has over three hundred agents in all parts of the country bringing in new settlers to this overlooked tract between Chicago, Duluth and St. Paul—the world's greatest market for agricultural products. The personnel of the party on this remarkable excursion shows the class of men he has interested. The railroad men are eager to build new feeders to the trunk lines; the lumbermen no longer sneer, but enlist and cooperate in the work that saves them millions; the bankers can loan money to actual settlers on \$6 per acre land with better security than mortgages on \$60 land farther south, for the productive qualities of the land are equal.

It was my good fortune to join the party which was made up at Madison, the capital city of Wisconsin, at Chippewa Falls on the morning of May 30. The special train of seven Pullmans came rushing in on time after a stop at the thriving city of Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The train made an inspiring sight, bannered with the word "Gates," which stands for leadership in large operations on "cut-over" lands. Breakfast at the Stanley house with Thad Pound's far-famed Chippewa spring water was enjoyed, after a ride on the fine Inter-Urban railway, driven by the power of the falls. The noise of the rushing waters of the falls give life to the beautiful picture of the city and largest sawmill in the world, which was closed down for Memorial day. Here the party were met

by distinguished citizens of Chippewa, and promptly, according to Northwestern methods, the train pulled out on time.

At Cartwright the party of three hundred were taken in carriages nine miles to Long Lake. It was upon this drive that the guests came upon the border of the Gates domain of nearly a million acres of cut-over lands. On every hand were the homes of farmers equipped with rural free delivery mail boxes. We passed two school houses, and on one monster log was a family of ten children to bid defiance to race suicide. The strong growth of clover in the wild clearings was a positive index. There was land with productive qualities equal to any—virgin soil—that lies within the undiscovered state—the "New Wisconsin." The lumbermen had reaped their harvest of pine, but in the scores of splendid farm houses we saw was the permanent worth of the country. The stumps are taken out by pullers, by dynamite, and in one instance an improvised funnel or chimney was so arranged that Mr. Stump burned himself into a charred mass, very considerably. The caravan of sixty teams made quite a sight and General Passenger Agent C. A. Cairns of the Chicago & Northwestern road, who was with the party, grew eloquent in calling attention to the herds of kine browsing in the slashings on as rich feed as could be found anywhere. The little homes had an air of thrift, prosperity and permanence. The logs picked up on the land gave a snug nest egg. Mr. Barnes, a representative of the Live Stock Journal, was very enthusiastic over the daisy carpeted fields dotted with livestock.

At Sherwood Cottage, in the very depths of Sherwood forest, the party was entertained by Mr. Robert L. Gates, son of J. L. Gates, and one of the very active and energetic managers of the company. The cottage affords a splendid view of the lake, fringed by heavy timber and heavy grasses. In the woods near by was



the real old fashioned "down-in-Maine" bean hole, from which a banquet was served while the embers still smouldered. It seemed to me that I never enjoyed food more; and the deep woods, in which the fallen leaves and logs of centuries had accumulated, rang with the cheers in response to a toast for James L. Gates, the man who had pictured this future. From a mound of earth Mr. Gates responded, and the initial spread under the trees was voted an auspicious opening for the two-days campaign. The party was intensely interested in the revelations of the land. They found everything growing in the wild state, from ginseng to smartweed, giving some evidence of the earlier civilization of the logging camp. On the lake, six miles long, were steam launches and little steamers, and such fishing—well, that is too long a story. But here we were at the very threshold of the rich lands of Gates county, the county created two years ago by act of the legislature, and named for Mr. Gates.

Everywhere, on this 30th. of May, the stars and stripes were flying. At Cameron Junction the train was taken over the St. Paul & Sault Ste Marie railroad—known as the "Soo" line, and after an interesting ride, revealing more and more the possibilities of these lands at Weyerhaeuser, Bruce and other thriving towns along the line, Ladysmith, the new county seat of Gates county, was reached about six o'clock. The first thing that impressed me was a handsome, large school house over which the nation's flag was floating. Then there were the stars and stripes on the town flag pole. A city of two thousand, practically built up within two years; fine homes, banks, newspapers, paper mills, woodenware factories, and room for many more to take advantage of the falls of the Flambeaux river, which makes a graceful curve at the city's limits. There was an air of bustle and spirit. A brass band burst

forth with greeting. The town was all out to greet us, and it was indeed a hearty welcome. The new hotel was only partially completed—but that did not interfere with the enthusiastic spirit of Ladysmith. The ladies of the town had joined together and helped to give a spread for the Business Men's Association of Ladysmith. There were covers for nearly four hundred. On the wall in evergreen was a "Welcome to Ladysmith." The affair had the touch of the hearthstone about it. Speeches were made and handsome souvenirs, giving views of the city, furnished by Mr. Soule, were presented. Mr. Gates was presented with the keys of the city. Ex-Governor George W. Peck was among the prominent guests and speakers. It was indeed a happy occasion; and the facts produced as to what the farmers of Gates county were doing was truly astounding. There was a hearty spirit of modern pioneering, which revealed the wonderful progress made in a half century in that particular. When the train pulled out the following morning, there was a cheery goodbye from all the people assembled at the station, which revealed a phase of the real strength of the republic. Here was pure, shoulder-to-shoulder democracy.

\* \* \*

The ride along the "Soo" road that day, touching the heart of Gates county, brought forth further revelations of the opportunities here offered the sturdy and determined young man who wants to make himself a good home, where industry will furnish any young farmer a good working capital to start with. Stops at Prentice, Medford and the towns on the Wisconsin Central indicated what tremendous strides had been made in the last decade in opening farms. At the prosperous little city of Marshfield, the party was again met by a brass band and by ex-Governor W. H. Upham. The splendid stock farms in this locality are a sure index of the future

of the adjoining counties to the north.

The great climax of the trip was at Neilsville, Wisconsin, the old home of Mr. Gates, and where he had lived for over fifty years, from the earliest pioneer days. In this country are over two thousand farmers to whom Mr. Gates has sold land, on which they have all realized handsome profits, and they were ready with tributes to the man who had explored and developed the agricultural possibilities of the region. From the seven hills of this beautiful city we could view a landscape of farm houses that could be seen as far as the eye could reach, which would do credit to the far-famed valleys of New York and other eastern states. Land that now sells for \$100 an acre could be bought a few years ago at \$10 and even less. It spread before one the wide-sweeping probabilities of American development in sections heretofore overlooked in the rush to the prairies of the farther West. Here the timber—wood and bark—furnished a capital to start with that eliminated the terrors of the mortgage.

\* \* \*

The spread was given the guests in the armory, and such salads! such cream! a repast that will long live in the memory of all. There were speeches concerning the future of their own homeland. It was a beautiful outburst of local patriotism. At the guest table, in fact, the only lady seated at the table (for the others were all looking after the wants of the guests) was the venerable mother of James L. Gates. It was a beautiful tribute paid to one who had braved the perils and dangers of early pioneer days and inspired a son who has carried out to a successful issue the plans dreamed of in childhood. It was a proud moment for mother and son. And such stories as they told of the genius and capacity for doing things that Mr. Gates possesses! It was indeed an occasion of a "prophet with honor in his own country" and was

the conclusive evidence that the lands of the "New North" have proven equal to his expectations in every particular.

I wish it were possible to give a complete list of the three hundred gentlemen who dwelt together for three days in Pullman cars. There were statesmen, ex-governors, doctors, lawyers, bankers, farmers, merchants, workingmen, mechanics, editors,—in fact, every phase of American life was represented; and the hearty feeling of the resolutions and the remembrances but feebly expressed the appreciation of James L. Gates and his sons Robert and Harry for the pleasure and information of the tour; and the hospitalities of the various towns,—all will recall it with pleasure and associate it with a knowledge of the "New North," which can never be adequately realized without seeing it. This belt of land will support millions and make Wisconsin the empire state of the West. The tide has only just begun. The Gates Land Company is doing a work far beyond that of a mere commercial transaction. It is putting a farm home within the reach of every man of industry and determination. There is a great moral as well as economic force involved in giving the steady young farmers who are renters a chance to become owners,—a movement which also brings many from the congested cities into the roomy and healthy country. Who will venture to forecast the picture of twenty years hence on the great, rich, cut-over timber lands of the "New North?"

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It all seems like a dream, that so much can be accomplished through the boundless energy and genius of one man. Mr. Gates has built a life monument which time will enrich and beautify. The thousands of new farm houses opened up in this district during three years are a matter of national interest—a phase of American life that reveals the real internal expansive strength of the nation.



**W**HEN President Roosevelt alighted from the train at Washington on June 5, at the conclusion of his memorable tour of 1903, he had the cheery air of one home from a rejuvenating recreation. The brown tan of the trip in the Rockies remained, and there was a vigor in his every action which indicated that the reservoir of vitality was well filled. His easy, off-hand greetings had the touch of western heartiness. This tour was more than a recreation trip; it was more than a political maneuver: it was an awakening of the cohesive forces of national life. The welcomes, the speeches, the incidents of this 14,000 miles of travel will fill some breezy and interesting pages in our national history.

As the president greeted me with a wave of his hand, I felt it not as a personal compliment, but an expression of

cordial good will toward the National's readers. The same wave of greeting has been bestowed upon all the people at all times with a heartiness that will live in the memory of the multitudes he met face to face on this memorable swing from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The president on this tour has come very close to the people. The days at

the great Yellowstone national park; the dedication of the buildings at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; the mingling with cowboys, and the free, open life of the prairies, the personal view of situations in non-irrigated deserts and beautiful villages; the mines, forests, prairie cities and towns, all came within the scope of personal vision of the chief executive. The school life, the church life and the home life of the people of the Pacific



MRS. JOSEPH MEDILL MCCORMICK,  
Daughter of Senator and Mrs. M. A. Hanna



GLENMERE, SENATOR HANNA'S CLEVELAND HOME

West and middle West were to him an open book on this trip. From roofs, telegraph poles and fences the future citizens saw their hero as well as the badged officials in the reviewing stands and the surging, massive crowds. The air was everywhere resonant with a presidential welcome—democratic, simple, affectionate and sincere.

The vigor, honesty and pluck of Theodore Roosevelt have won the affection of the American people and compelled the admiration of the world.

After the homecoming greetings, the president was soon immersed in the accumulated business in his desk and getting at the bottom of matters personally which could not be communicated by letter or wire. His keen blue eyes, focused behind his glasses, see far into things. He seems at this time to have created a precedent in American

history. No other vice president, succeeding to the presidency, through the death of the president, has ever won an election to that office. Mr. Roosevelt now seems certain to be the unanimous choice of his party in 1904. He has frankly avowed his desire and submitted his work to the people on its merits alone. And now he is going to have a rest from his recreation—and prepare for the great issues which the next congress must meet and settle.

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**T**HERE are few men of larger and broader national interest than Senator M. A. Hanna of Ohio. The attendance of President Roosevelt at the wedding of Miss Ruth Hanna at Cleveland has set at rest the political gossip for the moment, as to any misunderstanding or feeling between these two great men of

## Draga

*By FRANK PUTNAM*

**D**RAGA dwelt with Alexander, king;  
 Fair she was, and he was young and ardent.  
 Love hath ever laid its best foundations,  
 Bird-like, in secluded, quiet places;  
 Thrones, exposed to all the winds of fortune,  
 Grant it but a brief and perilous lodging.  
 Yet with honied words and silent pressure,  
 Hand in hand, and all the pretty follies;  
 Lovers play at, they were wondrous busy;  
 Eyes had he for none but his enchantress.  
 Other beauties vied for royal favor,—  
 Failure fanned resentment into fury.  
 Hatred hissed before them like a serpent;  
 Scandal spun its dusky web around them.  
 They were happy and the Gods immortal  
 Envied them and slew them as they slumbered.  
 Life they lost—vain, fleeting; and, unwitting,  
 Won instead a crown of fame eternal.  
 See, upon the shore of Love's Elysium,  
 Antony and Cleopatra greet them!  
 Toil and loss and at the end oblivion,—  
 These are yours and mine, the common portion;  
 Only those escape who, greatly daring,  
 Hazard all for love and, losing, win.  
 Let the pure condemn them; let the faultless  
 Hurl their puny pebbles; I, a sinner,  
 Lay a flower upon the tomb of Draga,  
 She who dwelt with Alexander, king.

the party. To see Senator Hanna at his best is to see him at home. He is an ideal type of broad-brained, active and positive American business man, and if Business is the Genius of the Age, he certainly is a type of the times. His

office in the Perry-Payne building in Cleveland is a busy hive from the time he arrives, bright and early with a brisk and cheery greeting, until he leaves. The offices of M. A. Hanna & Co. occupy a solid floor and parts of others,



and the business of itself reveals the fundamental genius of the man who has become known as the greatest president-maker in the history of the country. The visitors stream in through the labyrinth of offices until they reach Secretary Dover's office. On the wall are the diplomas showing the membership of Marcus Alonzo Hanna in all manner of organizations, from a red-coat-adorned certificate from a volunteer fire company to a Latin-inscribed degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the next room, overlooking the busy activities of the great city he has helped to build, the senator goes right at his business in the most direct way. A few minutes talk straightens out kink after kink—business and political, as presented. Calm and judicial and just in every act as if on the supreme bench, he goes right to the heart of things.

A score—perhaps several scores—of companies and corporations claim him as president, director and guiding genius. The directors' meetings are held here. The chairs cluster about him—no time for lunch—Secretary Dover holds the watch. Telegrams come in like yellow snowflakes—but not an excited moment. He deals out decisions with the certainty of one who knows. The mail piles high—all sorts of letters from all parts of the world; but nothing phases his imperturbable and seemingly ironclad constitution. Kindly to all callers, he is in touch and sympathy with all kinds of pressing public and economic questions from the practical business side. The work which always brings a sparkle into his kind brown eyes is the Salvation Army and Civic Federation work. No man is more devoted to the task of bringing about just conclusions in vexatious labor disturbances.

In the afternoon it may be appointments at the club or a quick trip away on the train. He is always on the go—ready like a soldier at a moment's call.

The beautiful home at Lake View, bordering the shores of Lake Erie, is his retreat. The towering trees, the murmur of the waves, the flowers, the drives—these are the things he loves. Here is where that historic friendship with William McKinley was cemented for life. The great, spacious hall, with its reminders of the activities of a typical American life; the library with its rugged and picturesque bricabrac; the broad, sweeping verandas overlooking the lake,—all reflect the solid, genuine wholesomeness of the man. I confess an affectionate admiration for Senator Hanna, and the more I know of him the more it deepens. His speeches are classic in their simplicity and comprehensiveness and heartsomeness. He has a wide-visioned view of affairs. In his home—with his family—he is at his best. He believes in the home as the bulwark of strength; his whole life of business and political policy begins and ends in measures to make better homes—hence better citizens. The flag at Senator Hanna's home speaks the sentiments which his life work has exemplified.

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ONE of the most important announcements I have ever made in these pages is the following, which I want each one of you to read and think over carefully:

*The National Magazine will establish libraries of the best new fiction in every city, town and village in the United States.*

While I visited Chicago a short time ago, one of the most interesting things I noted was the extraordinary development of that class of commercial business known as the "Mail Order Trade." It was while visiting the offices of the Sims, Wilson & Sims Co., which is probably the largest mail order book concern in the world, that the plan was suggested which we will put into operation.

While sitting in the office chatting

with Mr. George R. Sims, the president of the company, he told me how he had watched the development of the circulating library both in this country and in Great Britain, for a number of years. He said he did not believe that the cooperative system problem had been logically solved nor would it be as long as those who were cooperators or subscribers were obliged to pay for the maintenance of an expensive and extensive system of transacting business and did not share equally in all the benefits to be derived from such a community of interest.

Drawing my chair closer, I casually asked Mr. Sims if he could think of any solution of this most important problem. His answer came sharp and decisive. "Yes, and it is so simple and practicable that we are already arranging to supply 10,000 libraries during this year."

As he explained the details of the plan my interest became enthusiasm, and as he concluded I knew that the National Magazine was just the medium to furnish libraries for the people.

When I left his office, "The National Magazine Libraries" were an assured fact, and you will find the details of this simple yet highly practicable plan in our display advertisements in this issue. I believe it will interest you. Read it and write me what you think about it.

**F**EW industries have features of more picturesque interest than the preparation of "Deviled Crabs" at the factory of McMenamin & Company, Hampton, Virginia. The white meat of the fresh crab deliciously seasoned is packed in one-pound and two-pound cans. The natural shells of the crab accompany each can—polished to an ivory whiteness. This delicate sea food served in the way of deviled crab, crab salad, crabs escaloped or crab fritters, makes delicious dainties within the reach of those living thousands of miles from the seashore.

They are prepared and ready for any luncheon emergency, and have been tested in every climate on the globe from the equator to the arctics, where they were taken by the explorer, Colonel A. W. Greely of the United States Naval Corps. There is a suggestion of a quaint Flemish painting in a view of the factory which has for so many years furnished this delicacy to the world. The fleet of red boats coming up the river at high tide, laden with the day's catch of crabs, makes a scene that would adorn a canvas. The hundreds of neat and deft-fingered maidens who prepare the crabs for the tables of the world present a picture of singular charm. The McMenamins were the pioneers in introducing this delicacy to the world and stand preeminent in the marketing of "Deviled Crabs."

**T**RULY this world is conquered by the American tourist. Several young ladies have just returned from a trip around the world with a Raymond & Whitcomb party. Leaving home unaccompanied by friends or chaperone, they joined the party and truly "saw the world." This firm is the pioneer of American tourist companies, and understands to perfection the needs and requirements of Americans. Raymond & Whitcomb have made a great success of their "Around the World" parties, which leave early in September. The trip includes nearly everything "seeable," and is adjusted to American ways of seeing things. It occupies almost eight months and costs \$2,350, all expenses paid—which are hardly any, if at all, more expensive than remaining at home. The first party for 1903 is already filled, and a second is being arranged. If you are interested, it would be well to write at once to Raymond & Whitcomb, Boston, and mention the National. They will give you complete details for the asking.